

MAYFAIR

30p Vol. 8 No. 9

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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BUT YOU'RE
DECADENT

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SEX OUT OF SPITE

THE SHIP THAT STARTED
AN ARMS RACE

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BLUEBELL GIRL:
plucked in an
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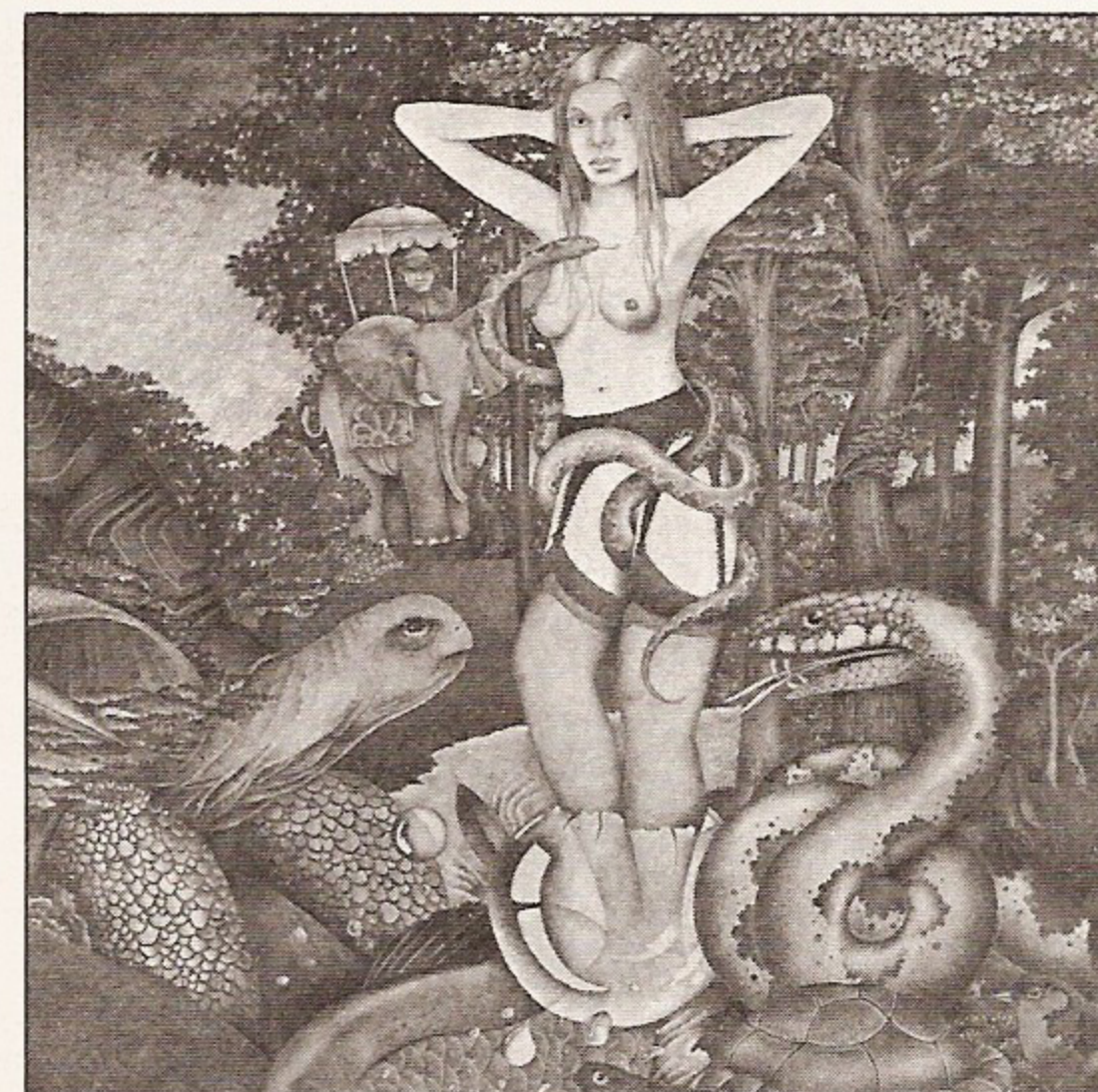
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Lost with the urban jungle girl. Fiction, page 12

SPECIAL FEATURES

When Admiral Fisher launched his battleship *Dreadnought* in 1906 every warship in the world became obsolete overnight. Philip Llewellyn describes the most brutally majestic naval weapon ever devised. Banned by a French king, bullfighting from horseback is bringing a new kind of beauty to Spain's bullrings, as William Fifield's camera shows. William Boddy charts the chequered career of Britain's T.T.

GIRLS

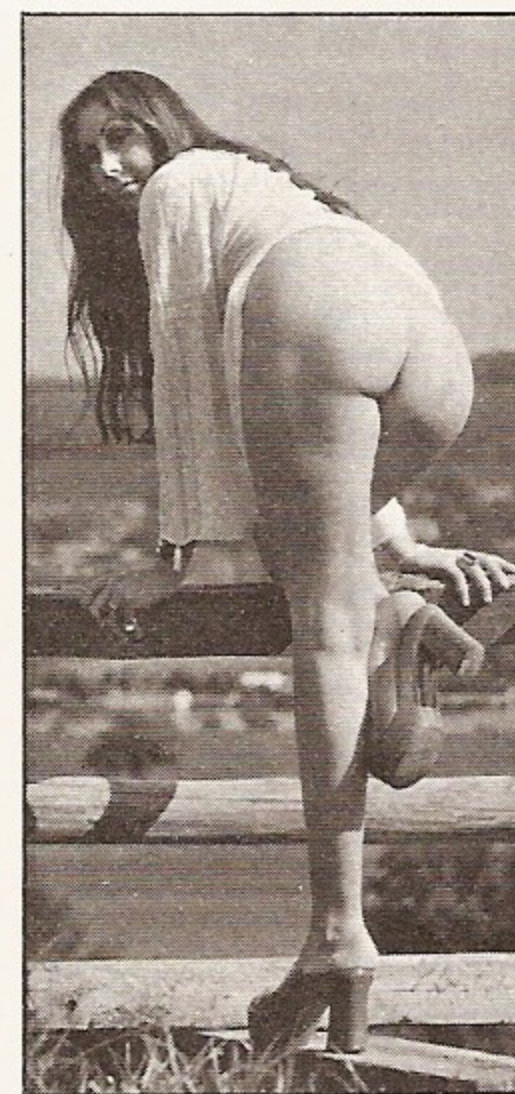
Centregirl Barbara Kingsland is the Sally Bowles of the 70s - slow burning, sensual and very very sexy. Our long-legged Bluebell Girl, Nina West-Sadler, provides interesting country views. Sue Wigmore is a demure dolly who dreams of rape, and Marenius is a Viking maiden with her heart in the right place.

HUMOUR

Fire, flood, earthquake and insolvency. Who are those lucky men who find good fortune in the most catastrophic of circumstances? Brian O'Hanlon tells true tales of the Olympians who float above it all. Edward Knox and Ronald Cobb join the Regency rakes and analyse the appeal of high bosoms and low thoughts. There's our selection of prize after dinner jokes and Carrie soldiers nudely onwards.

INFORMERS

How many women give themselves 'on the rebound', deliberately seek out sex not for itself so much as to spite a partner who has disappointed them? Quest investigates the bedroom vendetta, and discovers the dangers of a man's unfaithfulness. Clubman Kenneth Dowd visits the London pubs and clubs that give the best value when one is 'popping out for a drink.'



Maid in a meadow, p. 68

FICTION

Deserted for a banana salesman, Dorian is set for a sad time. But he reckons without the girl in the petting shop. Nevile C. Player follows the hectic race of *The Girl and the Tortoise*. Alone on a double date David Jones' Bruce finds that some dolly mixtures can produce a big bang.

READER SERVICES

Catch up on five great issues with our special back number offer; be a member of 400 top clubs with *Mayfair's* club scheme; read our latest books and see five fabulous centre girls come to life in our film society.

CRITICS

Arthur Pottersman reviews the deflowering of Calder Willingham's *Rambling Rose*. David Quinlan watches a mad American car wrecker. Peter Hopkin listens to the late Jimi Hendrix.

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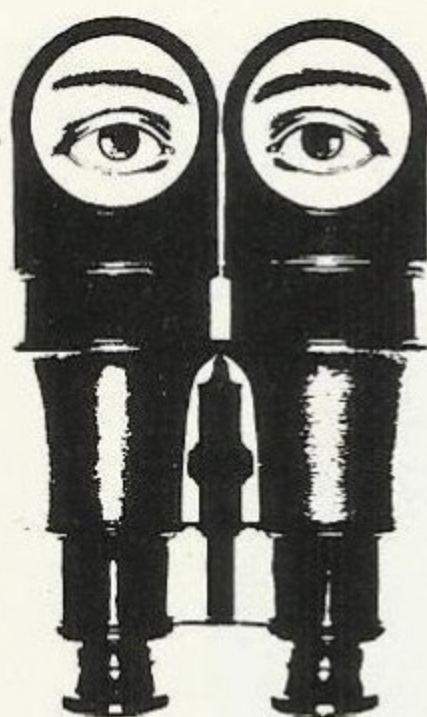
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SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Tops in stockings is this month's centregirl, who is also on the cover, Miss Barbara Kingsland. For years now Fleet Street has been predicting the return of the suspender belt – with no great success. Despite the undoubted male appeal of silk sliding over satin thighs comfort and convenience have prevailed – at least on most of our high streets. But one happy note in the decline of rigid fashion trends is that the average dolly can wear what she likes – or what turns her on. For a jet-setting supergirl like Barbara Kingsland that means good old-fashioned silk stock-

ings, belt, suspenders and all. 'I can't deny they're a lot more trouble than ordinary panties,' she told us. 'But when I go to a party or dinner I always wear them. If it's particularly warm you can leave the pants off. The freedom is delicious. So is the effect.' We know exactly what she means.

Out for a bicycle ride in a quiet and untroubled part of the Surrey countryside, what would you expect to see? Swallows flitting overhead? Trees in full bloom? Rabbits bobbing through cornfields? Or a long-legged brunette balancing totally nude on top of a stile?

That was the lucky experience of an anonymous bicycling gentleman from Cookham in Surrey, where *Mayfair* photographer Clive McLean photographed leggy Miss Nina West-Sadler (see page 68).

Clad only in red clogs and a smile, Nina was posing on the stile overlooking an apparently deserted valley, when Clive dropped a lens he was changing. Running after it down the steep hillside Clive passed a bush only yards away. Behind it was a red-faced and goggle-eyed gentleman who clearly couldn't believe his luck. Since he had also dragged his bicycle all the way from the bottom of the hill to get a closer look, he couldn't have believed his

eyes either. As Clive said afterwards, experiences like that could add a whole new dimension to nature study.

The knight thunders over the castle drawbridge. Dimly through the shafts of early morning sunlight he glimpses his opponent, an armed rider turning slowly to challenge him in a forest clearing. If the scene sounds familiar it's probably because you've been watching it on television. It comes from an ad for a new Bristol-Myers product, a non-grease hair spray for men, called appropriately enough *Black Knight*. In the version you see on your screens the black rider is unhorsed and blurts his message to the viewers while visibly distracted by a particular bosomy young helpmate. *Mayfair* went along to the Savoy Hotel launching of the spray and were rewarded with an earlier, now never-to-be-seen version. Unhorsed again, the black knight rolls into the arms of the waiting wench – and stays there. His message is lost in giggles and whoops of obvious enjoyment. It's nice to know that one of the world's biggest cosmetic manufacturers can let their hair get ruffled once in a while.

We pride ourselves on the frankness and openness of our letters column, but it's not

often that a reader comments on more than a personal like or dislike. All the more reason then for showing here one of the most coolly professional – and gratifying – letters we've had in a long time.

Jeremy Taylor of New Brunswick, Canada writes: '*Mayfair* is the only one of the West's three major men's magazines which I can read with a sense of interest rather than obligation. It appears to be in the hands of professionals who are rather more interested in putting together a package of light male entertainment than incorporating themselves as the symbols of a particular decade. The editorial mix is, in my modest opinion, just right and is not in need of any tinkering – a viewpoint which your circulation figures seem to agree with. Ah, and the women. The women. The cameras are usually in focus, the women are usually not obsessed with the joys of masturbation and the airbrush has been locked away out of reach of the art department; the women are real, sexy and happily not processed to death by the demands of a corporate image. *Mayfair* may not be "significant" in the sense of what is usually meant by that term, but the magazine gives me a few moments of unabashed enjoyment and pleasure, and I count that as a rare enough achievement in today's sad little world.'

If the appeal of Majorca is wearing a bit thin why not try somewhere more southerly? The Antarctic, for instance. Houlders World Holidays are currently offering the ultimate in holiday one-up-manship: a 43-day guided tour of Antarctica. If a couple of months off work is a bit difficult to arrange there's always the same company's 31-day tour of the world – by private 707 jet. But don't rush straight round to your travel agents. The world trip costs around £988 per person. The Antarctic jaunt starts from a mere £2,292. Perhaps Majorca wasn't so bad after all.

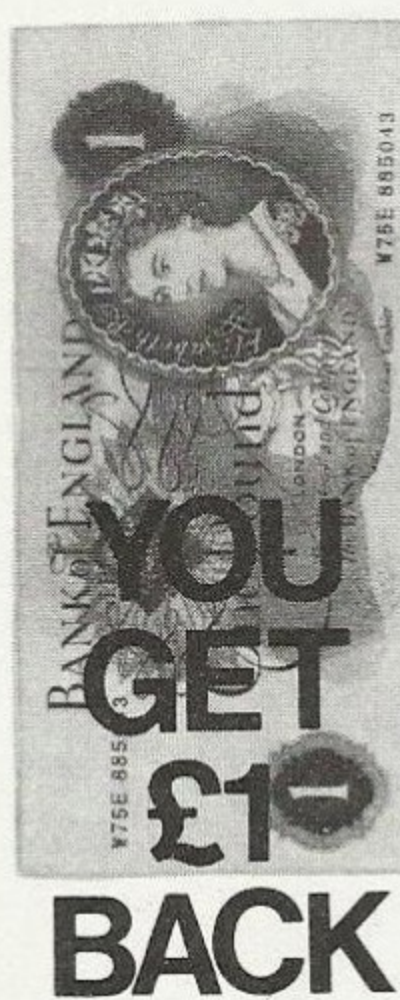
A reminder to those rare unfortunates who find they've bought a muffed copy of *Mayfair*. Don't bemoan your fate. Simply post it off to us with a note saying where purchased and we'll be happy to send a replacement.



'Do you know I always thought the hornpipe was a dance!'

The Shopping miracle that just can't happen-but it does!

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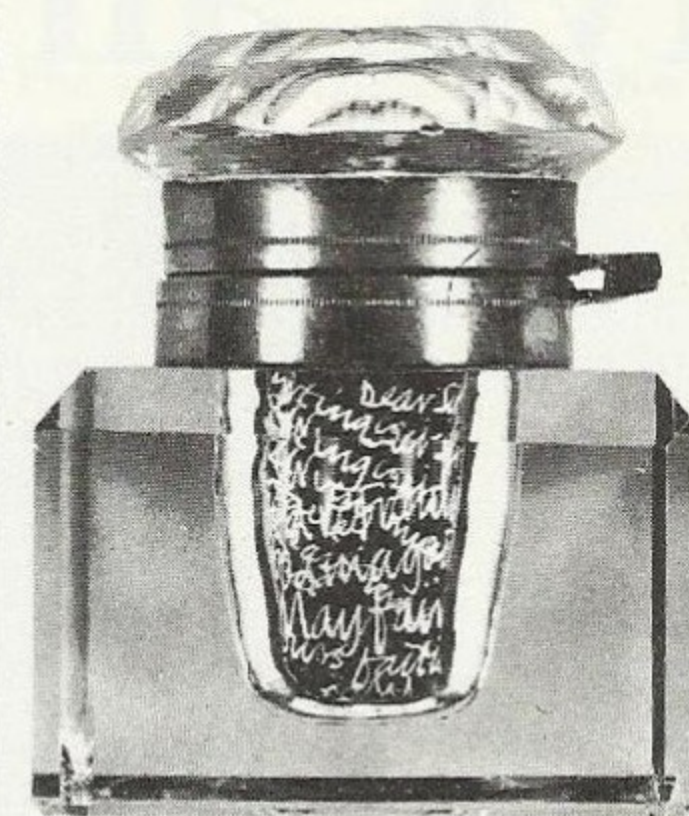
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MAY 9

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WN2A 1DZ

The *Sunday Times* recently carried a report that 1930 bosoms are back - low slung and drooping! 'All the charm of the low breast,' they say, 'is that it is natural, authentic and even if weighed down with faults or wobbly it is more erotic than a breast bolstered up artificially.' I couldn't agree more and suggest that you favour us with an occasional model with this type of bosom even if it entails photos of the more mature types as requested by readers in the past. The article also mentions a rather amusing test devised by 'some rotter' in France, which entails putting a pencil underneath the naked breast. If it falls out the bosom is considered firm enough for exposure, but if the lady's breast keeps it trapped then it is too pendulous for baring, or going without a bra. Connoisseurs of the swinging breast will no doubt be delighted at this news. It has certainly improved the morale of my wife and her sister who are both in their forties, as well as some of their equally mature female friends. I can recommend the test as a source of some fun at any broad-minded mixed party. We've already had some good laughs with this experiment. A friend of ours teased his wife that hers would hold a dumb-bell, let alone a pencil, he was probably right too. It would be interesting to hear other readers' views on this subject.

D.M., Edinburgh

As a long time devotee of your magazine I feel I must write

regarding Vol. 8 No. 6. I have never in any magazine seen such a fantastic girl as Pauline Hogg. This girl has everything and she shows her fantastic figure without degrading her femininity in any way. More please!
J.M., Stourbridge

I feel I must write and tell you of my admiration for the beautiful women that appear in your magazine. As possibly I have not the social and financial advantages to meet such beauties in the flesh your photographs of these magnificent specimens of womanhood are extremely welcome.

B.P., Brighton

Thank you for your article in Vol. 8 No. 6 on American cars and may I point out that the cars shown were those of the Pre-50 American Auto Club and the Can-Am Car Club, which caters for post-50 Canadian and American cars. Your readers may be interested to know that over 20 new members join Can-Am every month, proving the growing popularity of American cars in the United Kingdom.

Many potential buyers are put off by alleged difficulty in obtaining spares - this is nonsense. All our Can-Am cars are on the road and in daily use and it's the Club's job to help members keep them there and in good repair.

G. La Haye, Founder/Secretary, The Can-Am Club, Silver Birch Close, Woodham, Weybridge, Surrey

Your article on American cars in Vol. 8 No. 6 is, to say the very least, most misleading. The inclusion of such a unilaterally viewed article in a national publication should surely not have been printed without prior consultation with the 'other side of the fence.' I could go on and on about W.B.'s personal opinions (we all know he dislikes American cars) but to see it in a magazine such as yours is most undesirable. The captions to the photographs are not even wholly accurate. Why not ask someone qualified to verify, if there is some uncertainty, not rely on the opinion of a person or persons who dislike the type of car anyway and probably knows far less than someone who is unbiased?

This club has been going from strength to strength for almost

the last eight years, preserving a type of car very worthy of such treatment, and our fellow club, the Classic American Auto Club, some three years longer. So is this 'cult' really so new? I would rather say that the success of our joint efforts is now being recognised, and this, surely, is the reason the attention of such notables as your correspondent is being directed at these vehicles.

R. Jenkins, Secretary, Pre-50 American Auto Club, West Street, Oldland Common, Bristol

We're sorry you didn't like our feature, Mr Jenkins, but we must react honestly to what we see. We felt that to most men the design features of American cars of this period are not attractive. At the same time that does not detract from their fascination in any way and this should have been clear in the pictures. As to the captions our information came from the club programme at the meeting where the photographs were taken. We've no wish to 'knock' the motor cars you are restoring but we must also allow some freedom to William Boddy, whose idiosyncratic style of writing has made him a by-word among motor enthusiasts.

One of my friends swears that in your old companion magazine, *King*, he saw pictures of Anita Harris, Susan Hampshire, Vivienne Ventura and Penny Spencer of 'Please Sir' fame. Could you please tell me if this is true and whether



you can print some of the aforementioned girls? Perhaps more revealing than before.
Roger Mason, London, WC2

Perfectly true, Mr Mason, and we'd love to re-print the pictures, but unfortunately all we have left is a file copy from which we've taken this picture of Susan Hampshire (below).

Good idea Billy Watson (Vol. 8 No. 7)! Let's have more famous girls in Mayfair. For a start, how about Ann Sidney and Eva Ruber-Staier (former Miss Worlds) and Marilyn Ward (former Miss UK).
D. Oliver, Southend

In Vol. 8 No. 7 Billy Watson came up with a good idea. He suggested that whereas it is always pleasant to see nude studies of pretty girls, it is even more pleasant to see nude studies of well known pretty girls. I heartily endorse the suggestion and hope you take it up. You have, however, taken a step in the right direction by featuring top model Stephanie McLean. Carry on the good work.
D.M., Romford

Our agents are at work. On the other hand, many of the girls we have featured have since become well known.

Having recently read your fascinating article on the one-man gyroplane in Vol. 8 No. 2, I was interested to hear that the Campbell Aircraft company had shown a larger gyroplane at this year's Paris Air Show. There was no sign, however, of the humble Cricket you pictured. As I have been seriously considering purchasing a model I wonder if you could tell me if they are still being manufactured.

H. Medley, Peterborough

We passed your letter on to Campbell Aircraft Ltd., Mr Medley, and unfortunately it appears that the last of the Cricket gyroplanes has been sold. There are no plans for manufacturing any more, though it's expected that the larger gyroplane will go into production in just over two years time.

I wonder how many of your readers share the pleasure I have in watching their wives and girlfriends with other men. About a year ago my wife and

turn to page 8

Worried about BALDNESS?

Consider these facts

- ★ Our research shows that men are losing their hair much younger. Since 1965 the average age of Mrs Roney's male patients under age 40 has dropped by five years - from 30-25.
- ★ Many factors contribute. Stress, particularly amongst students, executives and car drivers is one. Many hair cosmetics do not help. Some modern grooming methods are inhibiting.
- ★ And of course heredity is constantly quoted. In actual fact the importance of the hereditary factor varies widely. Certainly a poor heredity will increase the risk of early balding; though even here there is a high degree of variation.
- ★ What supporters of the 'Nothing can be done about it' school fail to take into account is the advances which have been made in diagnostic techniques and linked treatment systems.



So what does all this mean? In simple terms, signs of loss at temples, parting or crown, indicate that your hair is at risk. And this means that if you are worried about baldness you must act now. There is one clinic, the Roney Clinic, which, no matter where you live, can help you.



Hair thinning - leading to baldness - occurs when an old hair falls out (a natural process) and is not replaced. The hair root has become clogged, the follicle choked. But baldness is not thereafter inevitable. The scalp disorders can be treated successfully if checked in time.

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LETTERS

continued from page 7

I enjoyed a particularly rewarding period when a distant relative, a young chap of our own age, stayed with us for six weeks.

One Sunday morning my wife, Liz, Bob, the relative, and I drove down to Hyde Park. Liz, whom I think is a real beauty and has very lovely legs, had put on a pair of old jeans. At the park we kicked a ball around a bit but after a while Liz and Bob sat down while I carried on solo. This was most unlike Bob as usually he was the one who would go on and on with a ball. Then I saw what it was that had made him so eager to sit and chat to Liz. She had split her jeans about three inches or so just below the end of the zip along the crotch seam. As she was sitting leaning back on her hands with knees drawn up, legs apart and only a very see-through pair of pink panties beneath her jeans, the view she exposed was quite terrific! I pretended not to notice and continued hovering about with the ball, whilst

Bob got an almost full-frontal – Liz's dark brown pubic hair was clearly visible.

Liz and I are very honest with each other and when I told her later that I had got a real kick out of watching her unknowingly expose herself to another man, she admitted that once she noticed the bulge in Bob's trousers she deliberately continued to provoke him. Like most healthy women she's turned on by a male erection. She exposed herself quite a few times to Bob after that but he never did anything about it. A short time ago, however, a young married couple who are friends of ours came over for a Saturday afternoon. We lounged around in the back yard and Liz, who has always professed to having a thing for the husband, whispered to me that she was going to try and turn him on. She changed into her jeans under some pretext and plonked herself opposite him; his name was Steve. His wife, Nicola, was browsing amongst our books in the house. I pretended to doze on the grass a few feet from Liz and Steve. I got an immediate erection when I noticed that

she had nothing on under the jeans and the careless way in which she sat back, opening her split jeans even more and revealing her sex quite clearly. Steve noticed right away. Eventually he reached out and touched her right in the middle. They horsed around a bit, always glancing in my direction, and then disappeared into the garage, where, Liz told me afterwards, she made Steve at last.

We have since developed a foursome relationship and Nicola too now tries the 'split trouser' game. Believe me, it's a voyeur's ultimate delight!

J.M.E., London

My job calls for a lot of work under tables and desks, and what I have seen under them recently convinces me that stockings and suspenders are now on the way in again.

I was under a table the other day when a young married dolly sat down at it, her legs slightly apart. She was wearing stockings, and lovely pink panties with the finest black V showing through. My wife has also gone back to stockings and so have two of her friends, who

like to show what they can. So, men, don't despair – it looks as if our message is getting through at last.

B.S., Basildon

An encouraging letter, sir, but what exactly is your job?

Several weeks ago my wife and I were watching a late night film on television. It was a 1940s extravaganza starring the fruity Carmen Miranda and in one scene a number of scantily clad girls performed a dance routine using enormous bananas. Both my wife and I found ourselves extremely turned on. My wife commented on my 'banana' and proceeded to 'peel' it, not I might add with her fingers. We were both freer with each other than we had been since the early days of our marriage. Since then we have begun using fruit of all kinds in our love-making. The shape and texture are tremendously erotic.

We now understand why Carmen Miranda was so preoccupied with fruit. Its eroticism has brought new life into our marriage.

N.J.E., Leeds

A case of get up the apples and pears.

Whilst no praise of your magazine can be high enough (I have been a regular reader for three years now) one thing puzzles me. Quest has touched on nearly all aspects of sex and associated ideas, but why hasn't a survey been done on lesbianism? The whole subject fascinates, arouses and intrigues me.

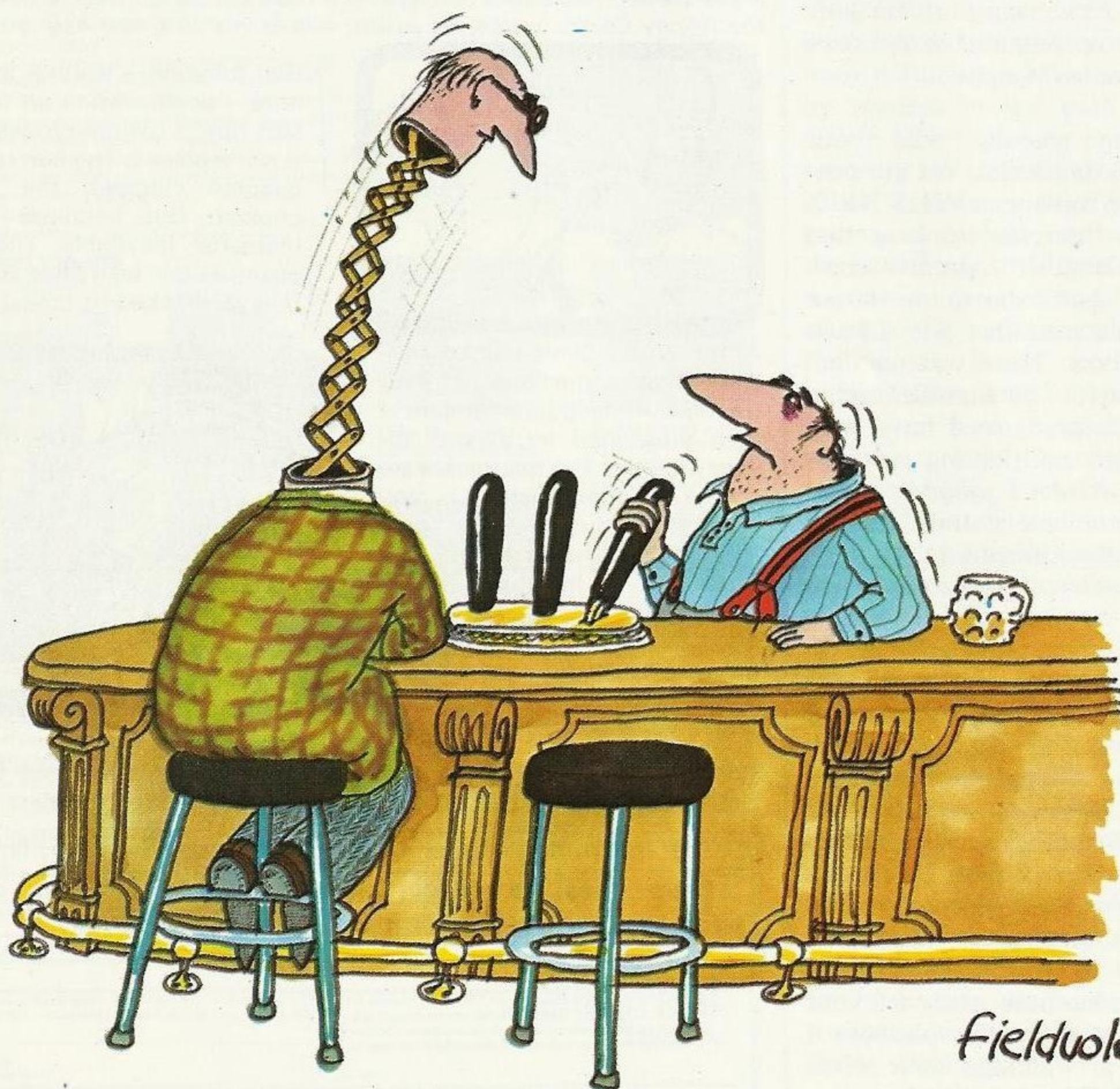
H.K.H., Hull

It's a subject that is figuring a little more in the results of new Quest surveys, as you can see in the second of this month's interviews.

I have one reservation about your otherwise excellent magazine, and this concerns your Quest feature.

The danger of this sort of article is that by making women from every type of background appear easily available sexually – and a large proportion of Quest is devoted to doing just that – you could be responsible for some of your more credulous readers being accused of attempted rape.

The mistake made over and
turn to page 10



LETTERS

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over again in these articles is that of making the female attitude towards casual sex appear to be precisely the same as that of a highly sexed male. The only conclusion I can draw is that the women interviewed are nymphomaniacs.

A. P. Smythe, Todmorden, Lancs

One of the first things we found in the original *Quest* researches – which largely prompted us to begin the feature in *Mayfair* – was the number of women who were not only genuinely interested in sex but were willing to have sexual intercourse in the right circumstances. The problem of the frustrated bachelor is well known enough. The problem of the frustrated bachelor girl, too shy or inhibited to admit to the same kind of feelings, appeared worthy of greater publicity, and still does.

We are glad to say that nowadays a healthy female sexuality is beginning to be regarded as a symptom of normality rather than galloping nymphomania. As to any potential rapist being incited by *Quest* our feeling is that as long as he's reading *Mayfair* he's not leaping on any passing dolly.

The fruitfulness of your correspondents' minds will never cease to enthrall me. Have any of the male members of your

staff ever tried to achieve an erection whilst immersed in sea water? Your organ shrivels up to such an extent that it is all you can do to find it, let alone get a grip on the situation. And what happens for heaven's sake when you unzip a skin diving suit underwater? You will certainly drown before achieving an orgasm.

I can't wait for the day when one of your lot manages to have it off during a free fall parachute drop!

R. Sillman, Fernhill Heath

Believe it or not, Mr Sillman, we have been promised pictures from an American correspondent of girls performing free-fall parachuting in the nude.

I enjoy *Mayfair* very much, especially the letters section. But it seems stupid to me that people should send you letters that are so obviously despicable lies. Surely the whole point of the section is for people to exchange their true experiences and views.

I am primarily concerned with one letter in Vol. 8 No. 4, written by a certain R.J. from Huddersfield, who talked about riding over the moors with his girl-friend. He states: '... She suggested we took shelter in a nearby barn. We found a small alcove in the hayloft and sat down ... Soon her skirt had ridden up around her waist.' Firstly it is highly unlikely that having ridden over the moors for an hour they should find a

barn, let alone with a hayloft. Secondly, I would have thought it very stupid for any girl to go riding for any length of time with only a skirt on, since she would soon be very sore. Anyway, after an hour's ride with only a skirt on no girl should need satisfaction from a 16-year-old boy.

M.C. Ryan, Westbury, Wilts

I was very interested to read the letter from Mrs J.T. of Solihull (Vol. 8 No. 6) about her husband being turned on by her uniform. In our case it is my husband's uniform that turns me on.

My husband left the services some years ago. Recently he tried on his old uniform, which consists of a denim drill shirt and trousers, and this somehow stimulated me. After this he began to wear his denims for our love making, and found that he too was aroused, especially if the material was well starched. I now make a point of extra starching the crotch area, and even ironing has become a pleasurable occupation as I anticipate the outcome of my work.

My husband makes me unbutton his shirt slowly and then tells me to unbutton his flies which are naturally quite stiff.

By this time we are both ready for the off in no uncertain manner. He doesn't wear underpants, and generally keeps his trousers and shirt on

so that I get stimulation from his uniform as well.

I recommend that the currently fashionable denim jeans are treated in the same way (especially round the vital regions). It certainly made a difference in our case.

Mrs J.P., London E3

From time to time I read accounts of discipline in your letter columns which is something my husband and I started to practice when we were married and still continue to the betterment and happiness of our relationship.

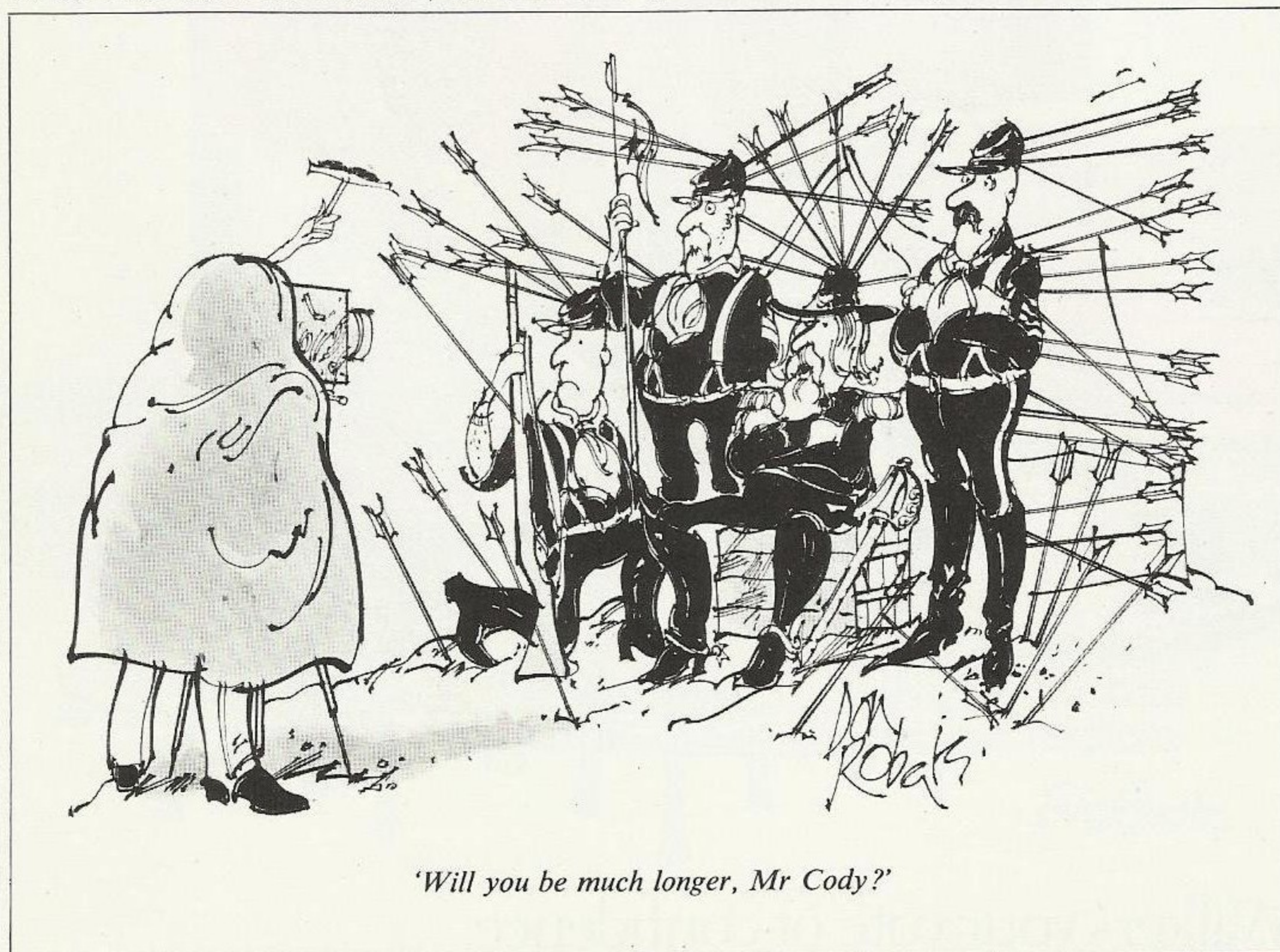
Not too frequently but when merited I have to get across the bed and take up to nine strokes of the cane across the lower part of my buttocks and the backs of my legs.

My reward is to make him undress and lie on his back on the bed. I tie his hands and do all I know to give him the biggest possible erection. I then tap the tip of his penis with a flat ruler and run up and down its length with a thin cane bought from a gardening shop. My husband says he considers my punishment a little too severe at times, but he enjoys the feeling when I soothe him with cream, especially before we make love.

Mrs V.L., Oxford

I am somewhat amazed at the number of your published letters describing corporal punishment. As one who as a teenager was frequently thrashed for trivial offences I am at a loss to discover the pleasure that anyone could derive from such treatment. My experiences were far from pleasant at the hands of a maiden aunt who adopted me when I was orphaned at the age of 11 years. After each offence considered suitable for punishment I was ordered into the lounge and bent over the back of the sofa. My aunt always insisted on taking my pants down herself and lifting my shirt and vest. She then produced a strap from the bureau drawer although a cane was kept for the more serious offences. As a rule I received up to a dozen strokes but fewer with the cane. If I cried out she was inclined to give me more. The intense pain was by no means pleasurable and I did not experience any sexual pleasure but only feelings of humiliation and discomfort.

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'Will you be much longer, Mr Cody?'

Eighteen thousand tons, foot-thick armour and a devastating array of ten 12-inch guns, Admiral Fisher's *Dreadnought* spawned a line of the biggest warships ever and an arms race unequalled till today. By Philip Llewellyn

She was the mightiest weapon the world had ever seen – bigger, faster, more powerful, more expensive, better protected and capable of hitting far harder than any other warship afloat. She triggered-off an unprecedented arms race – eventually involving no fewer than 15 countries, including Brazil, Argentina and Chile – and the ships that evolved from her were the most brutally majestic, the largest and most destructive that had ever been devised.

Her name was HMS *Dreadnought* and her launch in 1906, after just 100 hectic days on the stocks at Portsmouth, crushed any lingering doubts about Britannia's traditional role as ruler of the waves. Every other battleship in the world – including the entire British fleet – was immediately rendered obsolete.

The only consolation left to Germany, Britain's greatest rival for naval supremacy, was that work had been stopped on all the Kaiser's new battleships as soon as news of *Dreadnought's* revo-

lutionary specification had filtered through. It was as if the Sheriff of Nottingham had been warned that Robin Hood and his Merry Men were being equipped with machine guns. Lacking the stimulus of a major war, naval thinking had stagnated from Trafalgar until the middle of the 19th century, when France and Britain built the first ironclads, *La Gloire* and *HMS Warrior*.

Now languishing in Milford Haven, *Warrior* was the first radical British departure from the ship-building traditions of Nelson's navy. Built in 1866, her timbers were protected by almost five inches of armour, steam engines supplemented her sails and more than a third of her 40 guns were breach-loaders.

But the ironclad developed slowly in a world that had almost forgotten about battles on the high seas, and a state of almost universal conformity had been reached by the start of the 20th century. The very

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biggest and best battleships displaced up to 17,000 tons, could bully 18 knots from their crude reciprocating steam engines, and had a main armament of two or four big guns backed up by an astonishing variety of smaller ones.

Dreadnought was completely different – so different that experts reckoned her to be the equal of any two and a half battleships then afloat. She was protected by armour almost a foot thick, powered by relatively sophisticated steam turbines that drove her at 22 knots, and also broke right away from the established principle of mixed armament. Apart from 27 12-pounders, mounted to deal with any audacious minnows that might contrive to wriggle under her guard, she relied entirely on no fewer than ten 12-inch guns. As Britain's rivals were swift to appreciate, this gave her a broadside 100 per cent more deadly than her most formidable contemporaries. The all-big-gun capital ship had arrived, the forerunner of all subsequent battleships and battle-cruisers.

Although *Dreadnought* was the first of her kind, the idea of the all-big-gun ship was not new. It had been advocated for some years by such eminent naval thinkers as Italy's Vittorio Cuniberti. His ideas gained strength during the Russo-Japanese war of 1904–05, when the rival fleets exchanged broadsides at unexpectedly long ranges. These were the first major duels between 'modern' but pre-dreadnought battleships. The Japanese had recognised the wisdom of Cuniberti's theories and, as the world was to discover later, had actually laid down an all-big-gun ship in 1904. Had she not been bedevilled by all manner of problems, which delayed her launch until 1911, the *Aki* would have gone down the slipway several months before *Dreadnought*.

And so it was left to the Royal Navy to pave the way – a Royal Navy headed by a man of superhuman energy, ruthless determination, prophetic vision and administrative genius. Admiral Sir John (later Lord) Fisher once said that he had entered the service 'penniless, friendless and forlorn. I have had to fight like hell,' he added, 'and fighting like hell has made me what I am.' Later described as 'an apostle of unrelenting progress – a passionate advocate of the new against the old,' Jackie Fisher had no time for the old-style officers who prized spit-and-polish above gunnery practice, which made everything dirty. Highly unconventional – 'Any bloody fool can obey orders! What we want is a man who can disobey orders and win victories like Nelson at Copenhagen and St. Vincent' – he became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1904 and swept like a reforming hurricane through an organisation thick with the dust of complacency and outdated traditions.

Fisher was the most fascinating of characters. The facial expression of an impossibly haughty aristocrat belied a man who devoted much of his time democratising the navy. He had enough genteel wit to

coax a laugh from Queen Victoria – and enough high spirits to win the lasting friendship of her notoriously dissolute eldest son, Edward. He loved dancing, and could still manage a dozen consecutive waltzes when well past his 70th birthday, but also worked such incredibly long hours that a written command from the king expressly forbade him to be at his desk on Sundays. The orders were ignored.

Fisher had many faults. He believed that 'hitting is the thing, not armour' and some of his pet schemes, such as the one for a pre-emptive strike to smash the new German navy without bothering to declare war, were headstrong to put it mildly. But he was the one man in the world with the drive, charm and sheer personality needed to bulldoze approval for a revolutionary warship through countless committees. Henceforth, all battleships and battle-cruisers would be known, in general terms, as dreadnoughts.

HMS Dreadnought had an enormous impact on the industrial nations of the world. All of them, including Britain, had to find vast amounts of money to finance completely new battlefleets. And the price was rising all the time. The £1,800,000 bill for *Dreadnought* had been 20 per cent greater than the cost of any previous battleship, but in less than ten years each dreadnought was absorbing nearer £3,000,000. The alternative to big-spending was to sit back and accept second-rate status while more and more Fisher-inspired capital ships thundered down the slipways.



First Lord of the Admiralty Sir John Fisher, 'an apostle of unrelenting progress', was responsible for the first of the big British battleships.

Any expansionist plans that may have been forming in the Kaiser's mind had to be put into cold storage until his navy could achieve some degree of parity with Britain's.

A nation's strength was soon being measured in terms of dreadnoughts either at sea or on the stocks. Fisher's ship started an arms race that was not equalled, in peacetime, until the hectic scramble for nuclear and missile superiority after the second World War.

In America, as in Japan, the idea of the all-big-gun ship had been under discussion for some time. In fact the designs for the first American dreadnoughts – *South Carolina* and *Michigan* – had been approved by Congress in 1905, but the ships were not completed until 1909. Here again it was a case of Fisher having used all of his remarkable powers to get things done while others were still haggling over details.

South Carolina and *Michigan* were in some ways superior to *Dreadnought*. The British ship's main armament was mounted in pairs in five turrets; three of them were on the centre-line, and the other two, facing forward, were on either beam. Fisher always regarded the idea of a broadside action as very milk-and-water stuff. In his mind's eye he always pictured the enemy in retreat, fleeing from the shells blasted out of *Dreadnought's* six forward-facing guns. The American ships pioneered the idea of superimposed turrets; all their big guns were mounted on the centre-line and therefore could be used in a broadside. Britain's *HMS Agincourt*, launched in 1914, actually fired ten full broadsides at Jutland. There was so much noise, smoke and flame that an eye-witness compared each salvo to the terrible spectacle of a battle-cruiser blowing up.

Dreadnought, destined to be scrapped in 1922, suffered the fate that befalls so many revolutionary creations: she was soon made to look very 'second generation.' By 1912 the first British super-dreadnoughts were afloat and the international battle for supremacy gained pace accordingly. The newcomers weighed-in at 22,500 tons – almost 25 per cent more than *Dreadnought* – were capable of 23 knots, had ten 13.5-inch guns in five centre-line turrets and were given such soul-stirring names as *Thunderer* and *Conqueror*.

Fisher's constant quest for bigger, faster, harder-hitting capital ships was fuelled by his longstanding belief that war with Germany was inevitable. More dreadnoughts was the answer, but information was also needed about the likely strength of tomorrow's enemy.

A Naval intelligence sorti found that German dreadnoughts had a dozen 11-inch guns, but in most respects they seemed very inferior to their British rivals. They looked relatively old-fashioned, were a couple of knots slower.

It took the acid test of combat to prove the true worth of the High Seas Fleet. Its ships were found to be incredibly tough, and their 11-inch guns could devastate British

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armour at very long ranges. At Jutland the battle-cruiser *Von der Tann* fought a duel with one of its counterparts, the *Indefatigable*. The action lasted no more than 15 minutes. In that time the German's 11-inch guns sent the British ship to the bottom. The *Indefatigable's* theoretically superior 12-inch weapons, manned by sailors with all the seafaring traditions their enemies lacked, did not register a single hit.

The pre-1914 dreadnought race was dominated by two men, for this was the age when character could still rise far above committee. Fisher's counterpart was Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, the spiritual father of the Germany navy; many of his ideas were reflected in the design of every German dreadnought ever built. Tirpitz shared Fisher's ability to get things done. When he became Secretary of State for Naval Affairs, in 1897, he inherited what Richard Hough describes in his excellent book 'Dreadnought' (Michael Joseph, 1965) as 'little more than a token coastal defence force.' Within a year he had won approval to double the size of the fleet and, in 1900, he was given the go-ahead to

build what was to become the second most powerful navy in the world with a core of no fewer than 38 battleships.

But there was a vinegar-and-VSOP difference between other aspects of the rival characters. Fisher was a buccaneer with a personality so filled with aggressive self-confidence that there was no space for any powers of self-criticism. He never spared a serious thought for the possibility of a defeat – 'Hitting is the thing, not armour,' was still a typical Fisherism – and he was forever dreaming of ships with even greater fire-power and speed. Speed for pursuit, of course.

HMS Furious, had been fitted with a pair of huge 18-inch guns which fired shells weighing 1½ tons. W. Geoffrey Moore has this to say in his book 'Early Bird': 'I think it had a range of something like 30 miles and I don't image it would ever have found the right target, but it certainly was very spectacular... Every time she fired it was like a snowstorm in my cabin, only instead of snowflakes sheared rivet-heads would come down from the deckhead. Tirpitz may have lacked Fisher's flair for the theatrical, but he was very much the realist. He argued quite rightly, that a battleship capable of remaining afloat

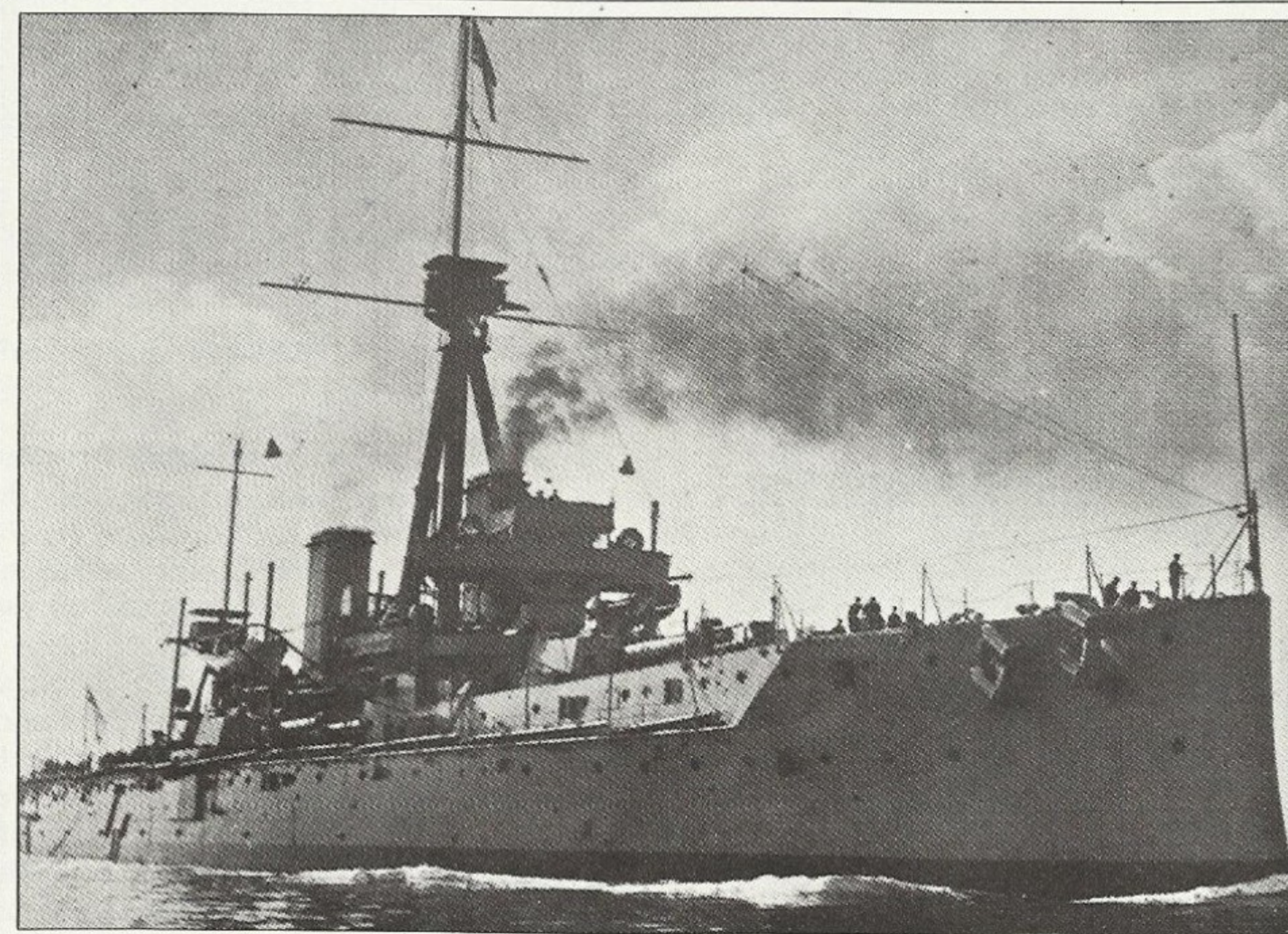
after taking heavy punishment would cost far less to refit than replace. Tirpitz was thinking of brief sorties into the North Sea, so there was much less of the floating barracks about his capital ships. Most of the resultant savings – in cash, space and weight – were spent on improving the quality of the ships. German dreadnoughts were hell to live in, even for short periods, but were virtually unsinkable. Top-quality armour and sophisticated systems of watertight internal compartmentation were other Germanic virtues that proved their worth time after time. The battle-cruiser *Seydlitz*, for instance, took a terrible pounding at Jutland, shipped several thousand tons of water, but still managed to limp home. Fisher's philosophy, in sharp contrast, was epitomised by such phrases as 'Speed equals Protection' and produced such vulnerable giants as *HMS Hood* – 'The Mighty Hood' – the huge battle-cruiser that symbolised British might throughout the inter-war years when she was the biggest dreadnought in the world. She was laid down while Fisher was still First Lord of the Admiralty, but not launched until 1918. She was a magnificent ship in many ways – more than 42,000 tons of grace, speed and power. She could race through the sea at 32 knots and carried eight 15-inch guns, each one almost as long as a cricket pitch, strengthened by 200 miles of steel wire and able to unleash one-ton shells at a muzzle velocity not far short of 1,700 mph.

The *Hood* met her destiny in 1941 when she engaged the *Bismarck* in the icy waters off Greenland. The German battleship's fifth salvo hit her fair and square, sending an immense pillar of fire into the air, and the pride of the Royal Navy vanished in less than two minutes. Only three of the 1,415 men on board survived.

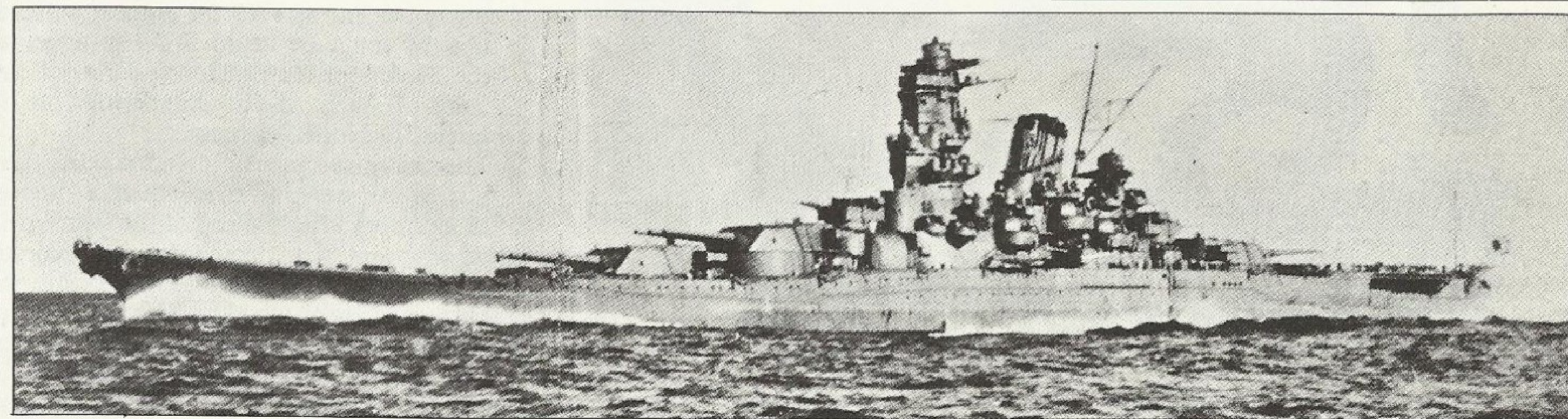
Fisher had every reason to believe that his fleet's massive superiority was real as well as apparent. When the first of the new German battleships joined the High Seas Fleet there were already seven dreadnoughts in service with the Royal Navy, and the super-dreadnoughts were on the stocks.

By 1912 a total of 47 dreadnoughts had been built – including 19 British, 13 German and eight American – and no fewer than 63 were under construction – including twelve British and ten German. These in-

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HMS Dreadnought, built in 1906 costing £1.8m, was designed to meet the enemy head on.



Japan's Yamata was the biggest super dreadnought ever built, with armour two feet thick and nine 18-inch guns in 3,000 ton turrets.

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cluded the very first battle-cruiser, *HMS Invincible*, which combined eight 12-inch guns with a top speed of around 30 knots. The race continued. When war was declared in 1914 British dreadnought strength was up to 32 – 22 battleships and ten battle-cruisers – and a third of them had 13.5-inch guns. The High Seas Fleet had only 21 – 16 of which were battleships – and could boast nothing bigger than 12-inch guns, and the average German was uncomfortably certain that any direct contact with the Grand Fleet was bound to result in a resounding British victory.

But the two great battlefleets, the mightiest fighting forces the world had ever seen, were destined to play a long and infinitely tedious game of cat and mouse. Vice-Admiral Reinhard Scheer, commander of the High Seas Fleet and a fervent advocate of both submarine and torpedo, did not believe that the Grand Fleet could be destroyed,

although he realised that such a miracle would end the war. Jellicoe, horribly conscious of the awesome burden of power, was equally sure that the new-fangled mines and torpedoes could cripple his dreadnoughts.

The Grand Fleet and the High Seas Fleet clashed only once during the entire war. What developed into the Battle of Jutland started as an attempt by Scheer to trap and destroy part of the British fleet. The idea was that Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's battle-cruisers and four battleships should be lured from the Firth of Forth and then smashed by the High Seas Fleet, which was to slink forth from its base at Wilhelmshaven. But British intelligence intercepted messages and Jellicoe ordered the main section of the fleet to leave its base at Scapa Flow with all speed. And so, on May 31, 1916, a total of 58 dreadnoughts, plus armadas of smaller ships, were racing towards each other over the North Sea. Beatty, in the *Lion*, surrounded by his battle-cruiser squadrons, first contacted the

enemy in the early afternoon of May 31, while the main body of the Grand Fleet under Jellicoe in the battleship *Iron Duke* was on its way from Scapa Flow, whilst Beatty's battle-cruisers slogged away.

Then Scheer, confident that his plan was succeeding, suddenly found himself faced with the sight he dreaded above all else – the truly awe-inspiring spectacle of the Grand Fleet in full cry. The first clash between the main fleets lasted from about 6.17 pm until 6.35 pm and then Scheer ordered a turn away. The second clash lasted only six minutes and then the Germans again turned away. A few minutes later Jellicoe's ships turned to escape torpedoes. The dashing Beatty, every inch the story-book hero with his jaunty cap and pithy turn of phrase, was eager to pursue. But Jellicoe, convinced that his ships would find themselves in a holocaust of mines and torpedoes, refused.

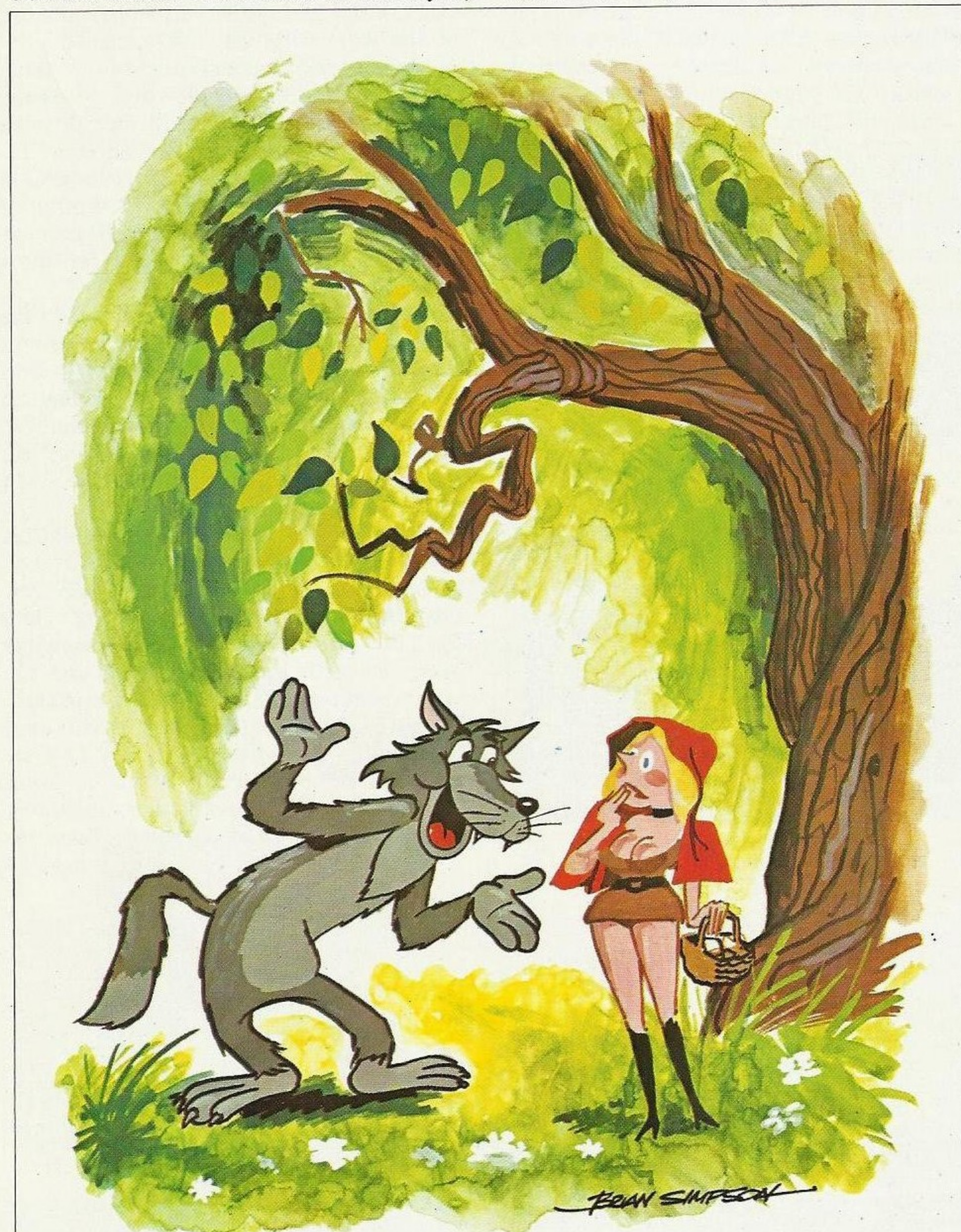
Jutland was not a decisive battle. Both fleets were battered, but neither was anything like broken. The two great concentrations of dreadnoughts spent the rest of the war sitting back like neurotic giants – fearalls rather than dreadnoughts – while the emphasis switched to submarines. But Jutland did demonstrate the terrible destructive power of modern fleets. Combined losses totalled 25 ships sunk, 18 big ships badly damaged, almost 10,000 men killed – just over 6,000 of them British – and another 1,000 wounded.

The torpedo has often been nominated as the real victor, but the battle also proved the worth of the dreadnought battleship; not one was sunk.

In 1918, with the High Seas Fleet about to scuttle itself in Scapa Flow, many pundits were confidently predicting that the brief age of the dreadnought was over. In less than two decades, they said, the all-big-gun ship had been outdated by the new weapons, to which the aeroplane could now be added. The supposition was as reasonable as it was wrong.

It was true that the dreadnought character was to change with the years; by the end of the second World War she was more likely to be seen using her guns to hammer coastal defences or hurling up an umbrella of anti-aircraft fire to ward off Japanese kamikaze attacks. Dreadnought might not engage dreadnought, but the battleships and battle-cruisers still had major roles to play in shaping the world in which we live today. As late as 1969 the guns of a dreadnought could be heard firing in anger as the 59,000-ton battleship *New Jersey* sent 5,688 16-inch shells thundering on to targets in North Vietnam.

The really spectacular dreadnoughts were not to be seen for more than a quarter of a century after the end of the first World War – and they included such majestic monsters as the Japanese *Yamato*, the biggest of them all. She displaced almost 73,000 tons when fully-equipped for battle, carried seven aircraft, had armour almost two-feet thick in places and carried nine 18-inch guns in turrets that weighed almost 3,000 tons apiece . . . But that is another story. 



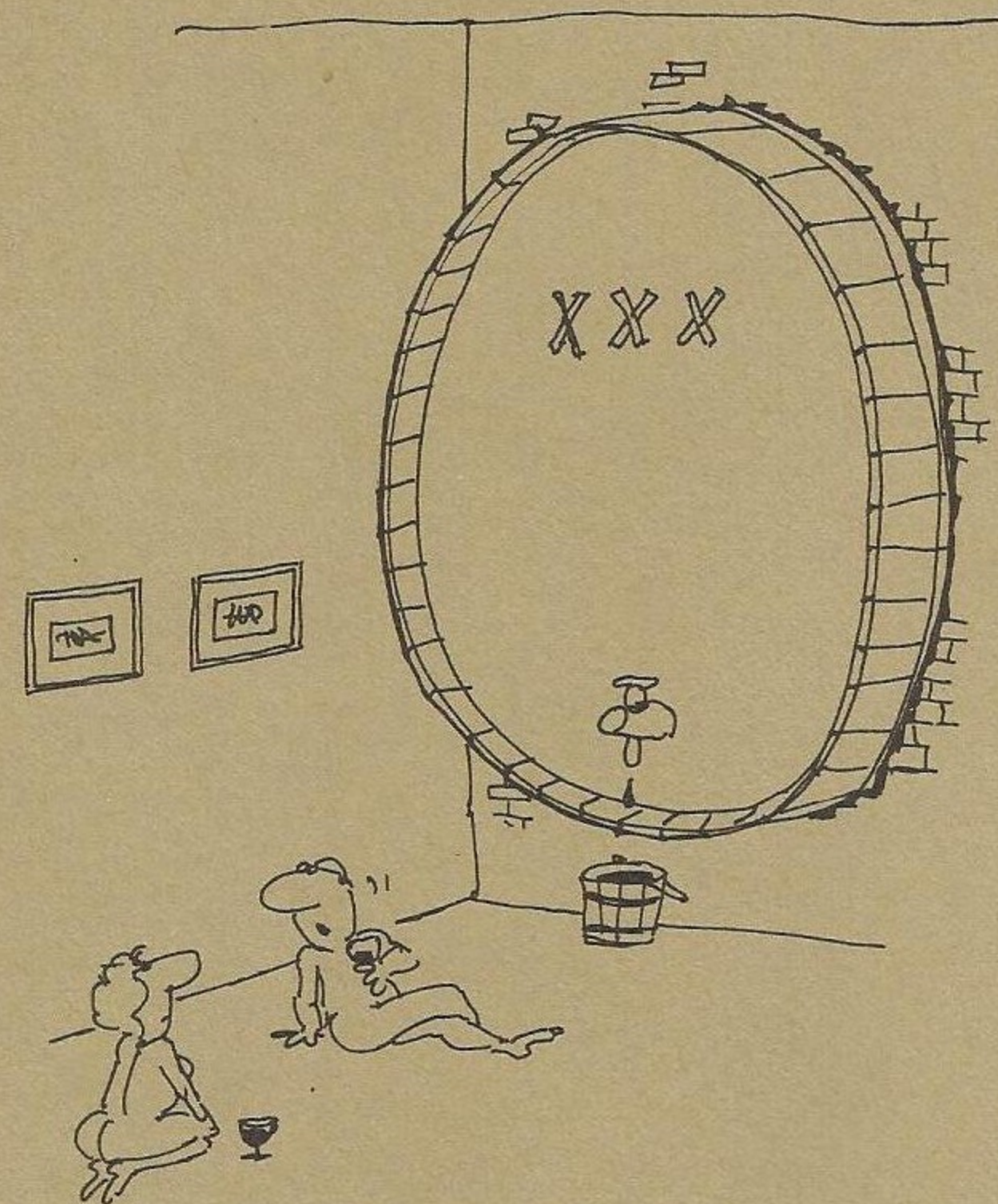
'Relax dearie! In this version I'm a queer brain surgeon who gets laid by your nympho granny.'



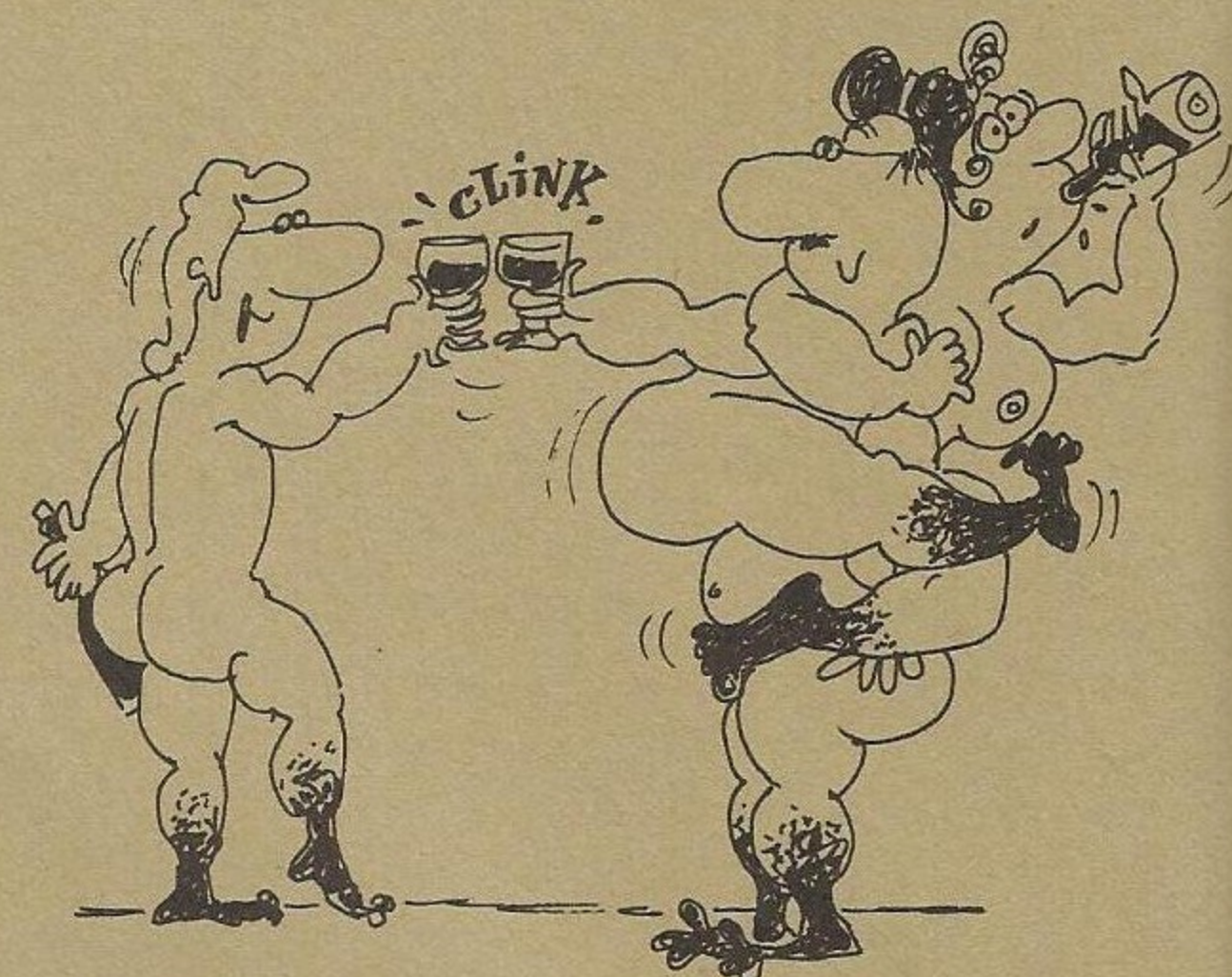
'You can leave your boots on – it's only vin ordinaire.'

A Bunch of Gropes

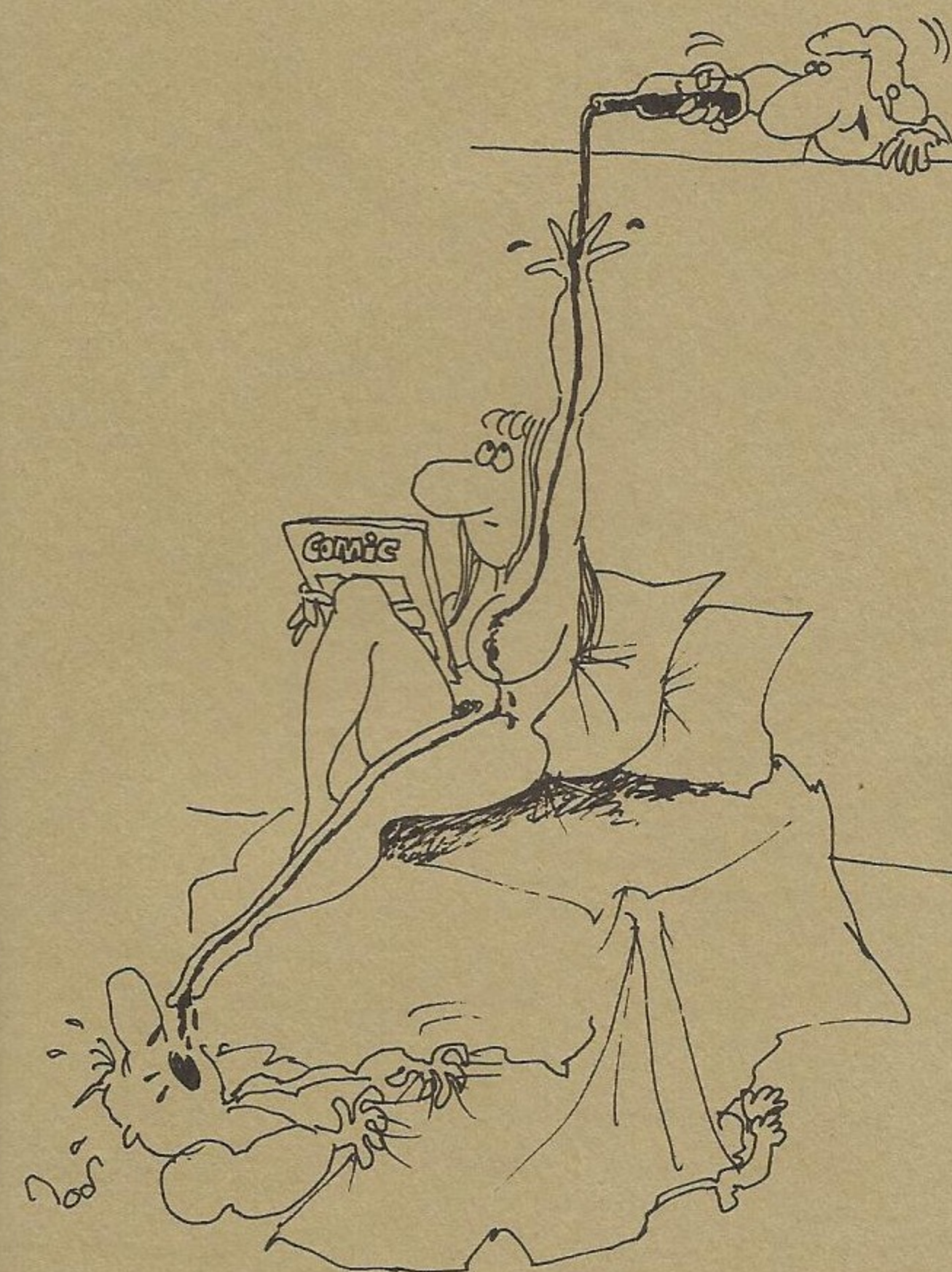
Peter Maddocks is under the impression that a young girl should tread very warily if she gets an invitation to the wine making



'No, honestly - I don't think it spoils the room.'



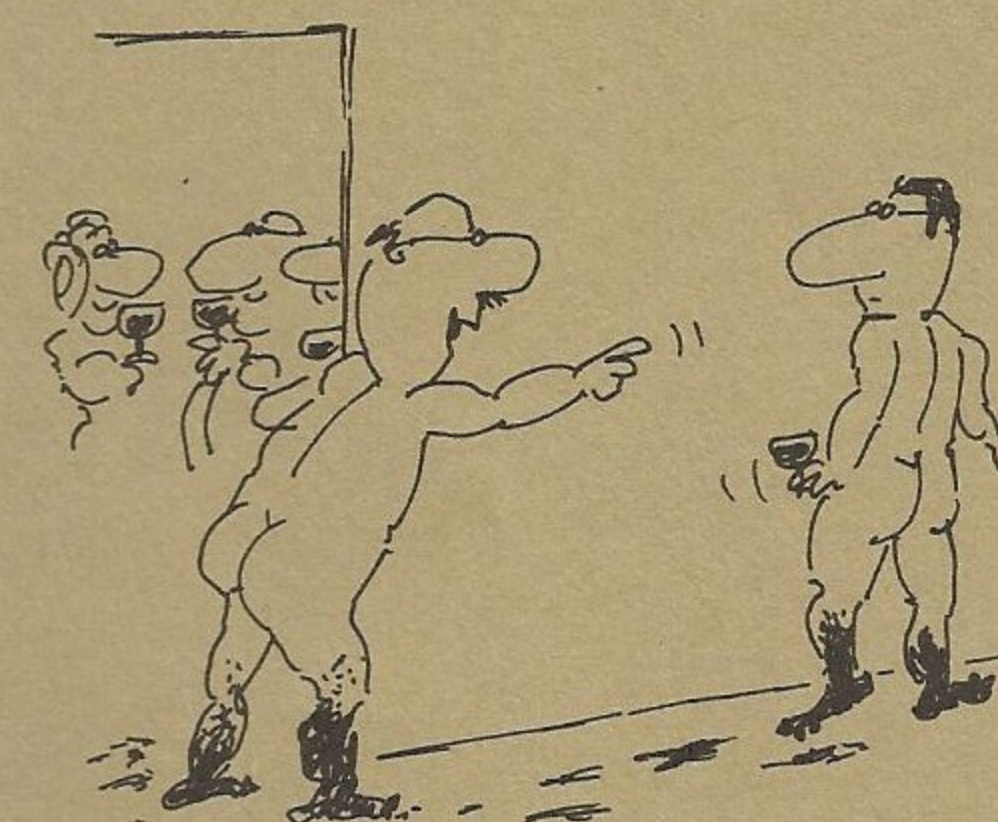
'This is a naïve little wine with no breeding at all, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption.'



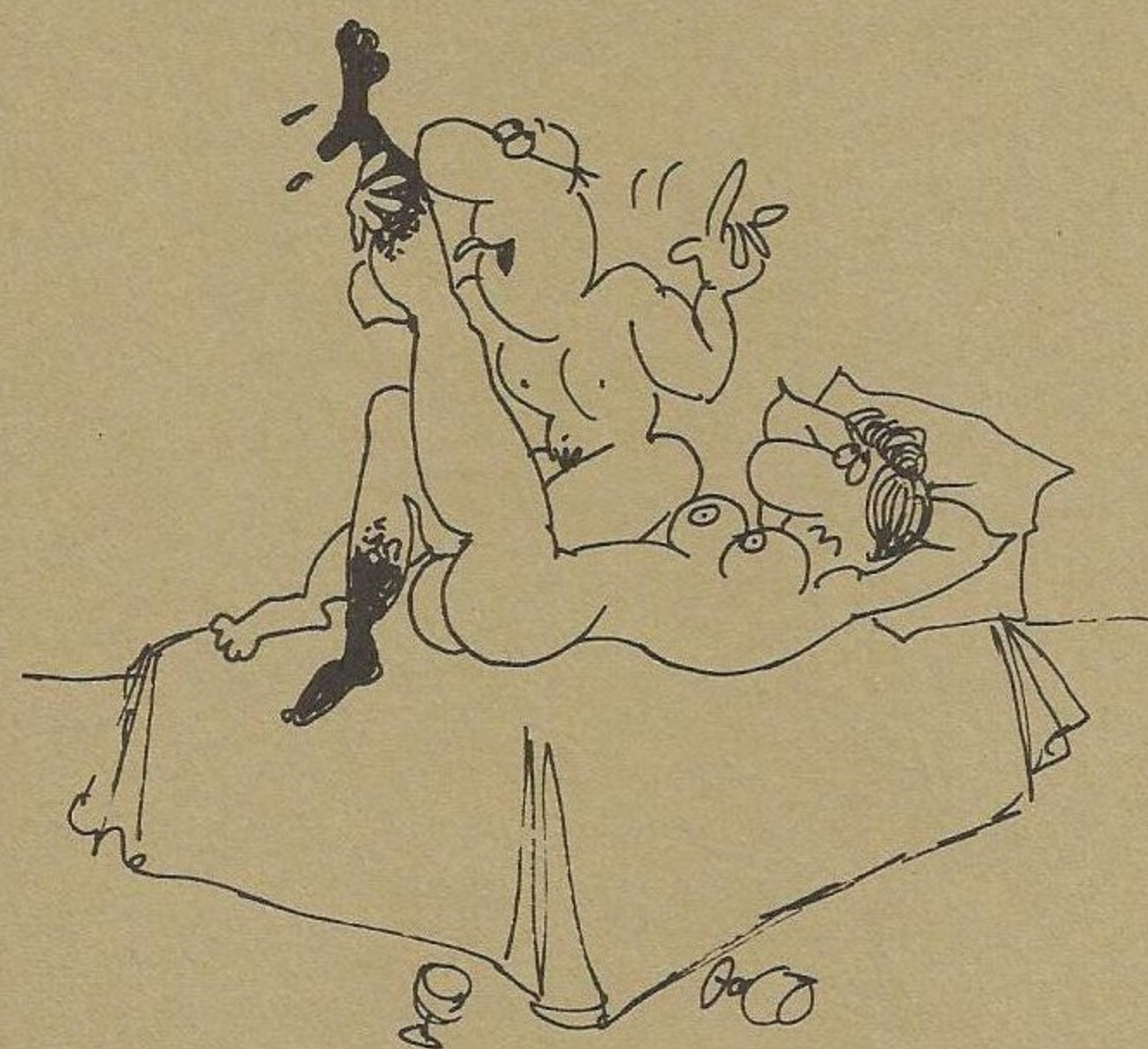
'You'll enjoy this one. It's a full bodied little wine that travels well.'



'I've never seen such a bloom on the grapes for one so young.'



'You can't miss it - the first door's marked "Le Chambertin", the second "La Romanée St Vivant" and the third one "Piss".'



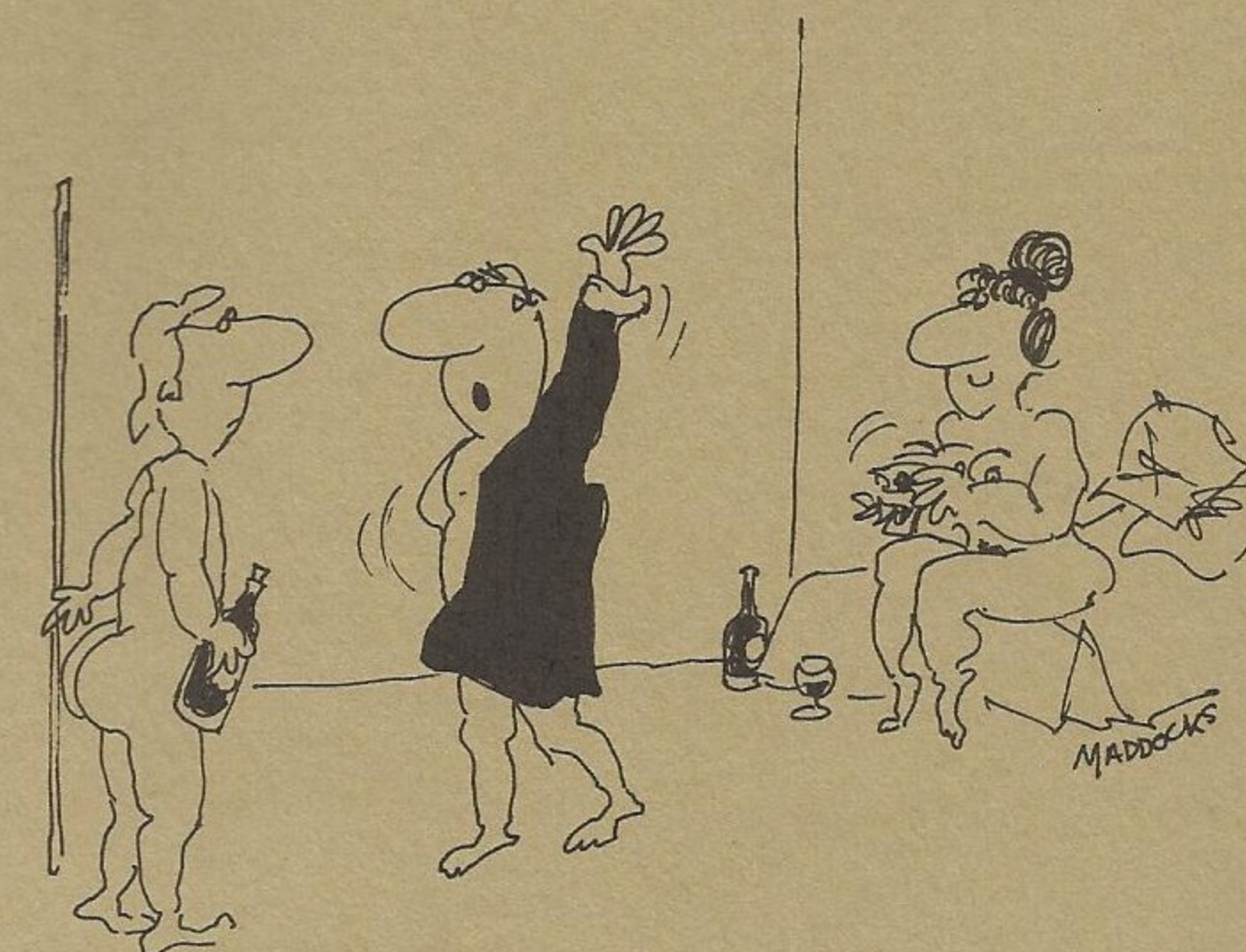
'I stand corrected - La Gaffelière-Lalande!'



'... light, elegant, with great finesse.'



'Hey, man, you'll flip when I tell you how young the last one was I gave you.'



'When I came to this party I didn't realise I was going to be charged corkage.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

The other evening at my local, I'd noticed a familiar brandy-and-splash in the snug getting fidgety, so I offered a sympathetic ear. 'Did you see,' he spluttered, 'how that film mogul provided his son's sex education?'

Almost any suggestion came to mind except the one actually reported. 'Seems the old man didn't give the lad any warning - he just sent him to his room one day, and there was a beautiful call girl waiting to serve!'

What, I asked in leery innocence, could have been wrong with that? By now, I can tell you, brandy-and-splash was getting as excited as an old maid who'd just had her Win-carnis spiked with gin. 'Wrong with it? The kid was only 13. At 13, I was getting the biggest thrills a man ever has, however long or active his sexual life may be.' My eyebrow must have twitched in uncontrollable scepticism, for with barely controlled zest for the memory, my b-and-s neighbour recalled . . . the fumble of hand upon nipple (once his girls took their dresses off, no nipple was ever as smooth again), the exquisitely agonising surprise of a young female hand unbuttoning his fly (buttons-flies

- that takes me back) . . .

Now, I said, if that's what you're thinking about, let me tell you a story. It's one of Calder Willingham's actually, you know, the man who wrote *End As A Man* and *Eternal Fire*. He calls his new one **Rambling Rose** (Hart-David MacGibbon, £2.25) And, oh! Didn't she ramble!

Rambling Rose was a girl who liked to walk down the street in a skirt that cupped, and certainly didn't conceal, the soft rounded curve of each buttock, that exposed somehow without revealing any flesh, the cleft between them. She liked her breasts to jiggle as she walked, so she wore no trace of a brassiere under the soft white straining blouse through which even a half-inquisitive boy could perceive not just nipples, but the sweet pink indented circles, the petals of Rambling Rose.

The time of Calder Willingham's story is 1935, so the very idea of nymphomania, let alone permissiveness, was far far in the erotic blue-pencilled yonder. Rose, it has to be accepted, just couldn't help it. What if she wandered off at a country picnic for a couple of hours with a big bollocksy fireman, returning with hair all mussed up and the back of her dress covered with rich red earth? Can't a girl *flirt* all the way now and then? And if she marries an older man is he right to complain that she wants sex too often - last thing at night and again at

3 am, and then first thing in the morning, too. And is he right to shoot her when he catches her legs spread and hips at hard work underneath his own teenage son? After all, as Rose herself so sweetly said: 'I never did nothin' with a man I didn't like in my life. Sex don't mean a thing to me by itself, it ain't nothin' but a mosquito bite, it's love I care about.'

'And what,' ejaculated my old friend, brandy-and-splash, 'has any of this to do with the film producer's son getting laid at 13 years of age, without any sniggering or hole-in-corner jiggery-pokery?'

Well, I told him, that was the crucial question, of course. Only, I'd be inclined to phrase it: hole in whose corner?

As luck (and Rose) would have it, the lucky 13-year-old the mogul story brought to my mind was Calder Willingham himself - or at least the boy narrator who speaks throughout his new book.

There he was all innocent and sleepy in his own boy's bed, when with a sob and a sniffle, young Rose (his middle-class family's housekeeper) came seeking company in the wee small hours. 13-year-old Buddy's first thought was that his mother was ill. No, said Rose, it's just that I'm unhappy, and it does help being near somebody, now you go back to sleep.

So one thing led, as it always does between a man and a maid, to another. First a touch:

'My hand moved on to a padded mound which was covered with hair that was very curly and considerably thicker. The mound seemed to me very prominent, like a little hill, and my fingers moved on to the odd division in the middle of it and I felt the little kind of thing like an orange pip . . . I touched it in an effort to determine its nature and properties - very interesting, it was a rubbery and slippery little thing and it darted away from my fingertip in a rather clever way.'

Rose, sighing and protesting at Buddy's scientific insistence, took his hand, put it between her open legs, seized his middle finger in her own fingers, pushed it down and said, 'Here.'

Then Rose told Buddy to stop that moving around - but he found a strange thing indeed: she wouldn't let him go. Her hand gripped his wrist, and there was literally no way he could get his finger out of Rose.

'From time to time I could feel the soft ring slowly tighten and then loosen on my finger, and then now it gave me a slight case of the creeps.'

Remember that sensation, first time it came your way? And its corollary: the entire thing was very wet, even the short curly hairs around it, and all those funny little swallowing sounds Rose made? By now Buddy wanted out.

Buddy felt her entire body trembling all over, the little pip throbbing and pulsing until at last Rose pushed away his hand and closed her legs tight together with a kind of weak shudder.

'It was awful,' young Buddy thought, 'it really and truly gave me the complete creeps.' Do you know, brandy-and-splash thought that's just what young sex should be like? None of your hygienic, cool, swift paid-for lays, but a piece of real true scientific experimentalism, carried out regardless of lust and for the sake of knowledge.

'After all,' said the old man, 'if a feller's first piece is too easy, he'll never savour the sheer thrill of the chase, the enticing mock-terror of the pursued, the delights of first uncovering, then possessing what we've all come to regard as the Rose Garden! In which the only thorn doth prick my lady so . . .

FILMS

David Quinlan

It may take you a little while to get used to the mood of **Steelyard Blues** (X), which starts out like a tough thriller, and turns into a cross between a caper film and a Woody Allen comedy.

Jane Fonda gets turned on by Donald Sutherland with a gun that turns out to be a toy and Peter Boyle as a gang-leader goes around as various costumed characters and builds his own getaway plane.

Jesse Valadini (that's Sutherland) is a kind of distant relative of Morgan, and certainly a suitable case for treatment. His aim is to demolish every make of American car built between 1940 and 1960. 'Well, what d'you want me to do in life?' he growls. 'Drive a bus?'

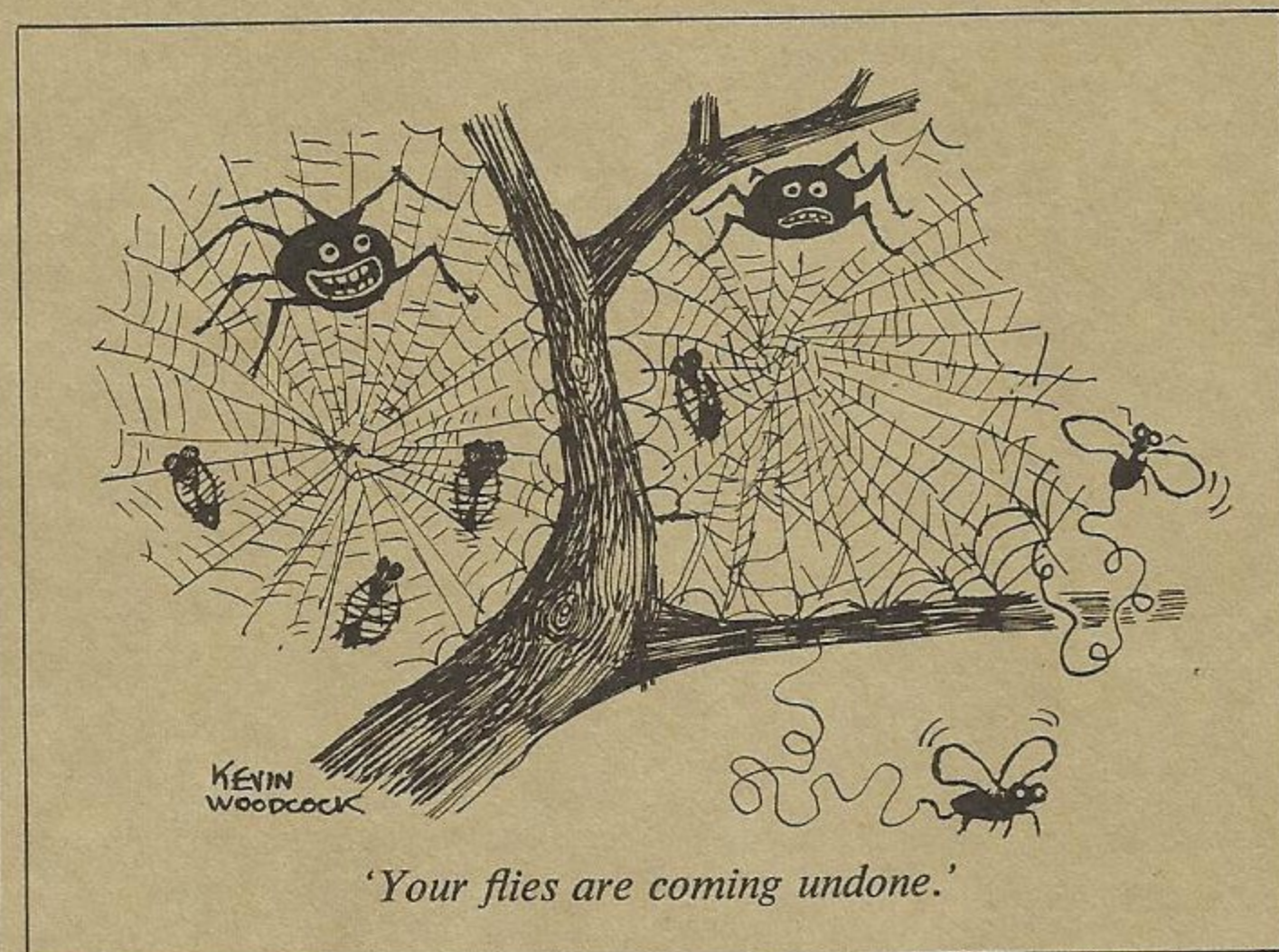
But he has to steal to raise the money to crash cars in the Steelyard, and that leads to a spell in jail. Afterwards Valadini links up with his old gang again to the despair of his brother Frank, the city DA, who's been making it with Jesse's call-girl friend played by Jane Fonda.

The gang includes Eagle (Peter Boyle), a 100 per cent fruit-and-nut case who dresses up in weird outfits, but is a splendid pickpocket and seems to get on well with everyone; and Duval, a small-time robber engaged with Eagle in restoring an ancient amphibian plane in which Valadini sees delicious demolition possibilities.

To all this, the incredibly vital music by Nick Gravenites and Michael Bloomfield - a sort of Country and Western Motown sound - acts as a marvellous complement, adding immeasurably to certain scenes.

There are a few reservations - the fist-fights hark back to the British B-film of the 'Fifties, and Alan Myerson's direction betrays traces of inexperience in occasional failures to move the camera. But for anyone in the right mood for such casual, take-me-or-leave-me fun, this rough diamond of a film will be a rewarding and joyous discovery.

A boat drifts along a lake in



the twilight, apparently peacefully. Two lovers on a late-night row. Then the camera closes in, and it becomes apparent that its occupants are gagged and bound. Shots ring out, and the boat sinks to the bottom. The opening sequence in **White Lightning** (X) is, alas, no indication of similar goodies to come. This Burt Reynolds thriller soon opens out into another dose of mindless violence. Car chase follows car chase, punch-up follows punch-up and there's just time for a quick seduction scene for Reynolds and Jennifer Billingsley, breast-deep in the shallows of the lake. Director Joseph Sargent is given no further chance to show any flair, and all one can say is that it passes the time and it isn't dull.

The Vault of Horror (X) is another mélange of five horror stories from the boys at Amicus Films, this time with the accent on humour, and rather successfully so. The better episodes involve Glynis Johns and Terry-Thomas, and Curt Jurgens and Dawn Addams in a story about a rope with a mind of its own. But the framework is weak, which is a pity.

'Your form mistress says you're gayer and more sociable,' says the heroine's father in **Le Rempart des Beguines** (X), a sex movie that has pretensions to being literate and sophisticated. He can say that again. While his back's been turned, his mistress has converted the girl into a raving lesbian.

Talented Nicole Courcel and equally talented Anicee Alvina play the two women (Mlle Courcel especially, at 43, is super in the nude). But, away from the grunts and grinds, it's tiresome stuff.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

To coincide with the showing of the film 'Jimi Hendrix', WEA have released a double album of the sound track **Jimi Hendrix** (Reprise K64017) While it is not necessary to have seen the film to be able to appreciate the music, a viewing does recreate the excitement of Hendrix on stage. The interviews with friends and fellow musicians reveal his enigmatic character. On the record these are sensibly placed after the music at the end of each side. One of the most pleasing sequences in the film shows Jimi by himself singing and playing a beautiful slow blues, 'Hear my train a-comin', on an acoustic 12 string guitar. His guitar playing throughout is absolutely incredible; there are times when it seems hardly conceivable that such a range of richly textured sound could be evoked from six strings.

The music of Jimi Hendrix revolutionised rock guitar playing; his tremendous potency, vivid imagination, and large reserves of skill, set him apart from other guitar players. With the exception of the solo blues all the material on these four sides was recorded live between 1967 and 1970. The numbers range from his early 'hits' like 'Hey, Joe' and 'Purple Haze' to 'Johnny B Goode', 'Rock Me Baby', 'Wild Thing', and Bob Dylan's 'Like a Rolling Stone'. There are two versions of 'Machine Gun', one recorded at the Isle of Wight, the other at Fillmore East New York with

Band of Gypsies. This is an amazing track, flashes and bursts of incisive guitar, punctuated with Buddy Miles snappy drumming and Billy Cox's fluid bass riffs. 'Star Spangled Banner' from the Woodstock Music Festival, is a great anti-war instrumental. Side four was recorded at the Isle of Wight Festival in 1970 and the versions of both 'Red House' and 'In From the Storm' are absolutely stunning.

On 'Red House' his playing is more relaxed. He still has a vehement feeling of control, but he is not playing so urgently or fiercely. More than any other musician he shaped the rock music of today and his influence was comparable to that of Charlie Parker decades earlier.

Incidentally Charlie Parker's 'Verve' recordings have been re-issued in chronological order Vols. 1-8 **The Definitive Charlie Parker** (Metro Standard 2356096). Parker earned the name of 'Bird' because his alto playing would transcend what most musicians were playing at that time. Any explanation of his music tends to have a limiting effect, but Adrian Mitchell's poem sums it up: 'He breathed in air, he breathed out light, Charlie Parker was my delight'.

Hawkwind are probably still remembered as the band who had a hit single with 'Silver Machine' last year. **Space Ritual** (United Artists UAD-600378) is their latest album, a two record set lavishly packaged to open into an informative broadsheet. In the early days Hawkwind were basically a blues band with some additional 'spacey' sound effects, but this latest set shows they've come a long way since then. They are now more musical and the space on the four sides is used to advantage. The sound of the instruments is transformed by Del Dettmar's synthesiser, to form a swirling cosmic creation. The theme of travel in space and time is inherent in all their work. 'Lord of Light' and 'Orgone Accumulator' are the outstanding tracks but the music flows from one piece into another, and the way to hear it is all the way through. Hawkwind have a loyal following who turn up regularly at their gigs, but their single, 'Urban Guerilla Brainbox Pollution', will probably appeal to a wider audience.



'Roman noses have always been a strong family trait.'

Selected titles from THE MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY

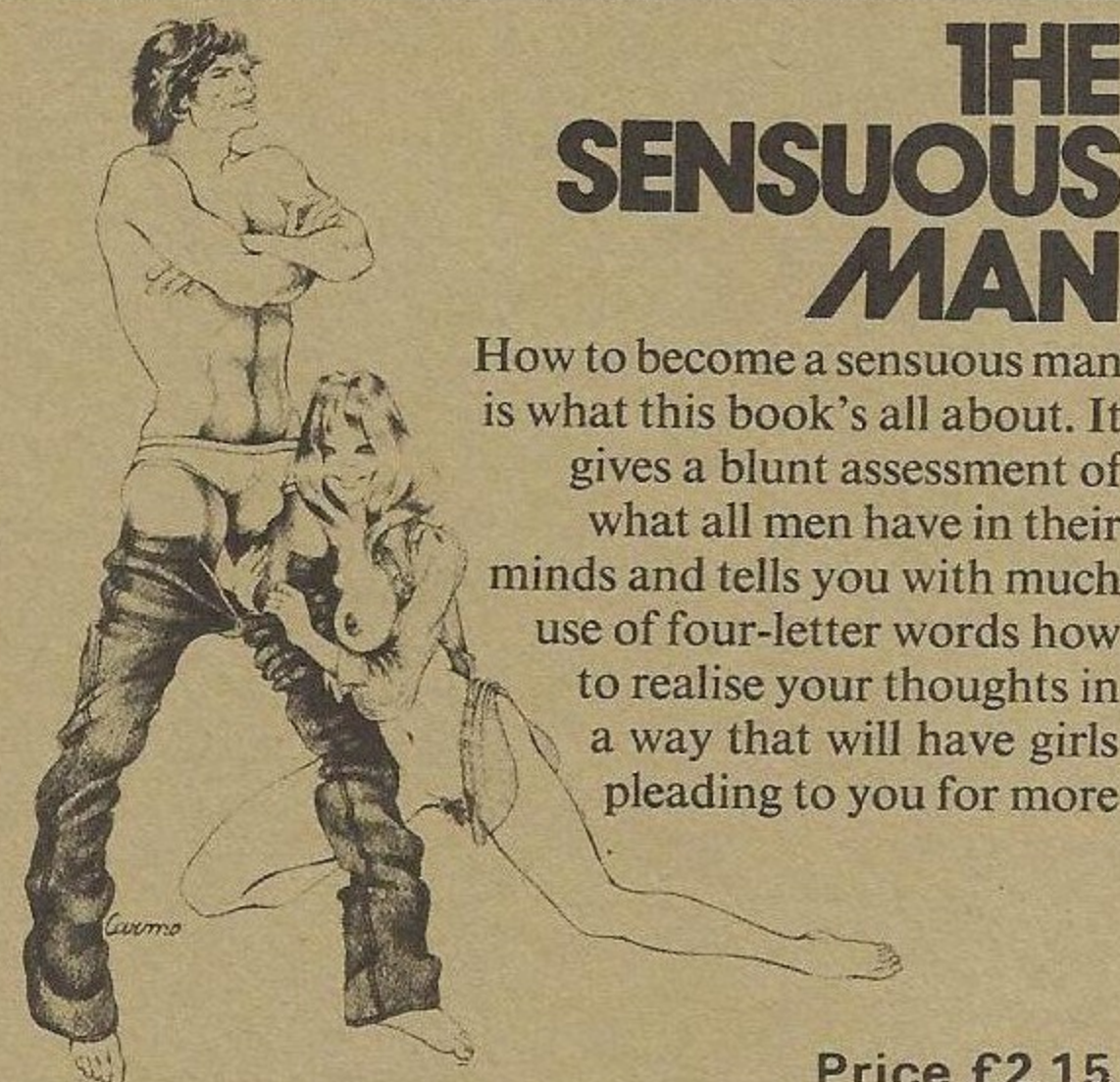
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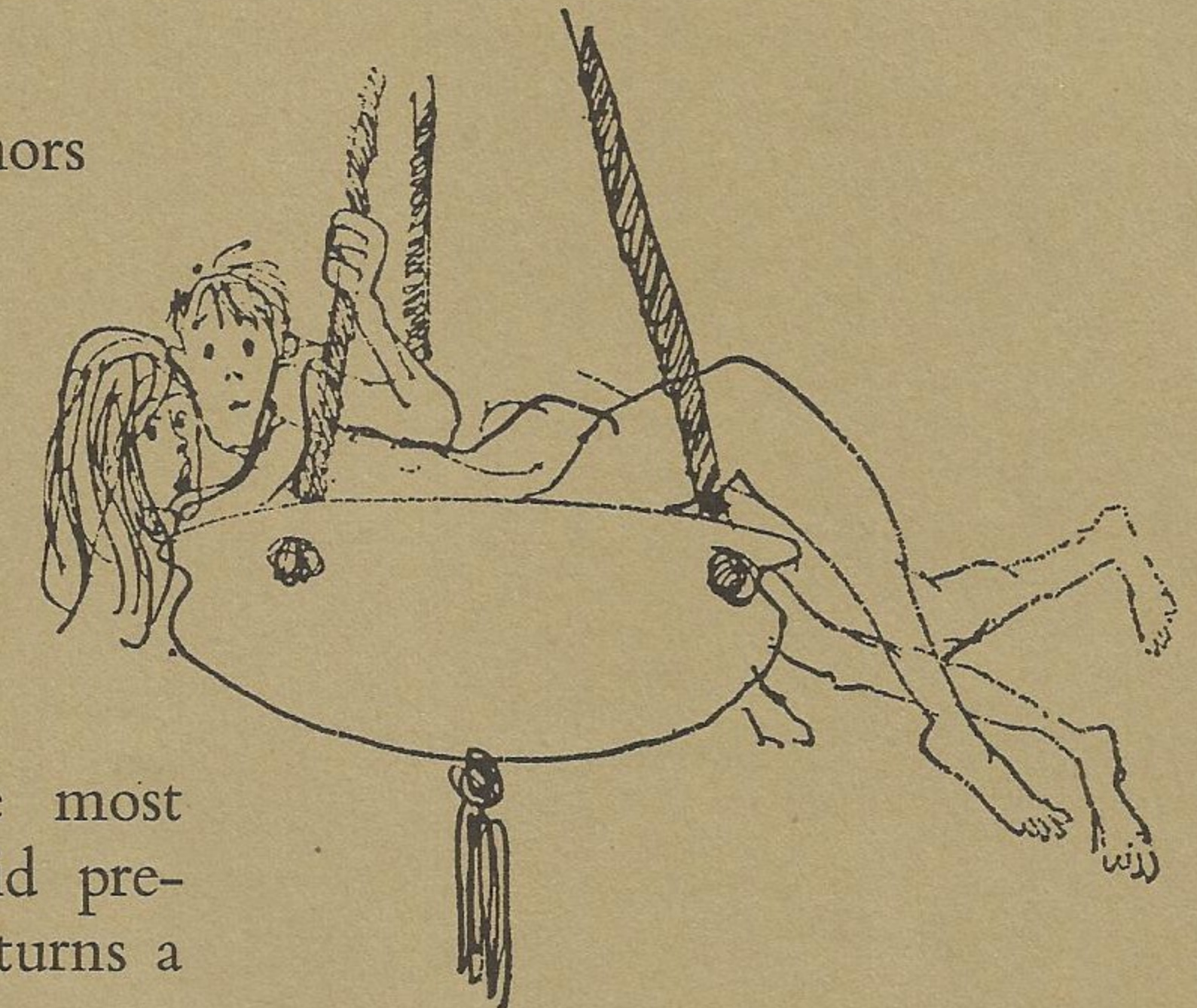
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and mutual respect. All things are permissible, as long as one's partner or oneself is not harmed. Previously taboo subjects covered include aids to masturbation, best positions for oral sex and the use of a pubis ring. This book is a friendly and down-to-earth look at the peaks and pitfalls of sexuality. There are few men or women who will not derive lasting benefit in their sex lives after reading its pages.

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M89

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

That innocent English pastime of 'popping out for a drink' has become more of a regular habit for me recently, since I have moved into a new London home within 30 yards of a pub. In my district of Belgravia this is particularly pleasant.

The landlord of my new local is Len Cole, who runs the **Nag's Head** in Kinnerton Street with a rod of iron. He has never forgotten my name from the first visit I made to the pub and unfailingly greets me with his familiar 'Come in, dear boy!' — a greeting reserved for every man, and the occasional girl when he is feeling a bit liverish. Although it is situated in Knightsbridge just beyond the Hyde Park underpass, the Nag's Head has something of the village pub about it and possibly this can be attributed to the minute size — a couple of rooms perhaps eight feet square into which the landlord fits pretty closely.

I am pleased to report that there is also a pub up the other end of Kinnerton Street — the **Turk's Head** — where on Saturday night several rugger sides assemble and a veritable scrum develops. You can easily get your ribs crushed trying to get a drink on a Saturday, but the pub is magnificent in the weekdays with a couple of steps up to a raised library at one end (where there's an open fire in winter) and genuine gas-lighting throughout, which makes one appreciate what a soft light gas used to give with the almost imperceptible fluctuations in intensity giving the rooms a lot of warmth and interest.

We are also blessed with the **Grenadier**, the **Horse & Groom**, the **Wellington**, and the **Ante** (*Antelope* to irregulars), all fine pubs and all located within a stone's throw.

All of which brings me to the point of this month's lesson, namely some recommendations for where to go when you 'pop out for a drink' in London. Well, you have seen possibly the smallest pub in Town, so whilst you are in your stride why not see possibly the smallest club in Town. Hidden

behind Regent Street, the **Beak Club** in Beak Street is a well-carpeted well-run well-hidden gem of a drinking club (and if you are a member of the Clubman's Club, or *Mayfair's* own Members Club, you are able to visit it).

Having completed considerable research on the subject, I can tell you that the visual side of 'popping out for a drink' is one of the most appealing — quite a number of people, for example, only arrive at the doors of **Dirty Dick's** in Bishopsgate opposite Liverpool Street Station to see if the skeletons of the cats, which were nailed to the walls when they failed to keep down the rats, remain in their grotesque positions.

Many members of the topless **Bristol Suite** in Bruton Place visit it to see Roz and the bristols of her waitresses, and similarly those who take their early evening drink at the **Directors Lodge Club** in Masons Yard find the major attraction lies in the superstructures of the topless waitresses rather than the buttresses of the building.

Visitors to the new nightclub **Plumes** in Whitehorse Street flock in to see the actual *Mayfair* Cover Girl who works there (and remember that readers of *Mayfair* are also

given a special reduction when they join **Plumes**).

Visitors to the **Georgian Club** in Bury Street, St. James' (you can go there on your *Mayfair* Members Club card) go to see the action and the classic floor-show which Gerald Strick puts on at 10 pm each night. For those of you who have overlooked a visit to the *Georgian* lately we would eagerly remind you that it still wins on both points — the action and the show!

The visual aspect of 'popping out for a drink' is at its strongest in the **Roof Top Bar** in the Hilton, where the lighting has been subtly chosen to fall in pools over your table and not disturb the classic view through the enormous glass panoramic windows. This tends not only to make the view better but gives the room a warm and sexy atmosphere as well.

For a really classic view you must persuade a member to take you to the cocktail bar at **Les Ambassadeurs**. It is popular because of the view into the illuminated gardens through the glass screens of the new extension, and the visual luxury of the magnificent woodwork on the walls of the Rothschild library room. The club was once the Rothschilds town house in Hamilton Place.

People tend to forget about that spacious luxurious bar in the **Barracuda** restaurant (1 Baker Street) where you can just go for a drink. Enzo Appicella was given a fabulous amount of space to design a

luxury cocktail bar and excelled himself, with leather armchairs and mirrors galore. Possibly even larger is the long bar at the back of the **Players Theatre** in Villiers Street, where Reggie O'List will silently serve you your drink as you watch a complete stage show of Victorian music-hall at the other end of the auditorium.

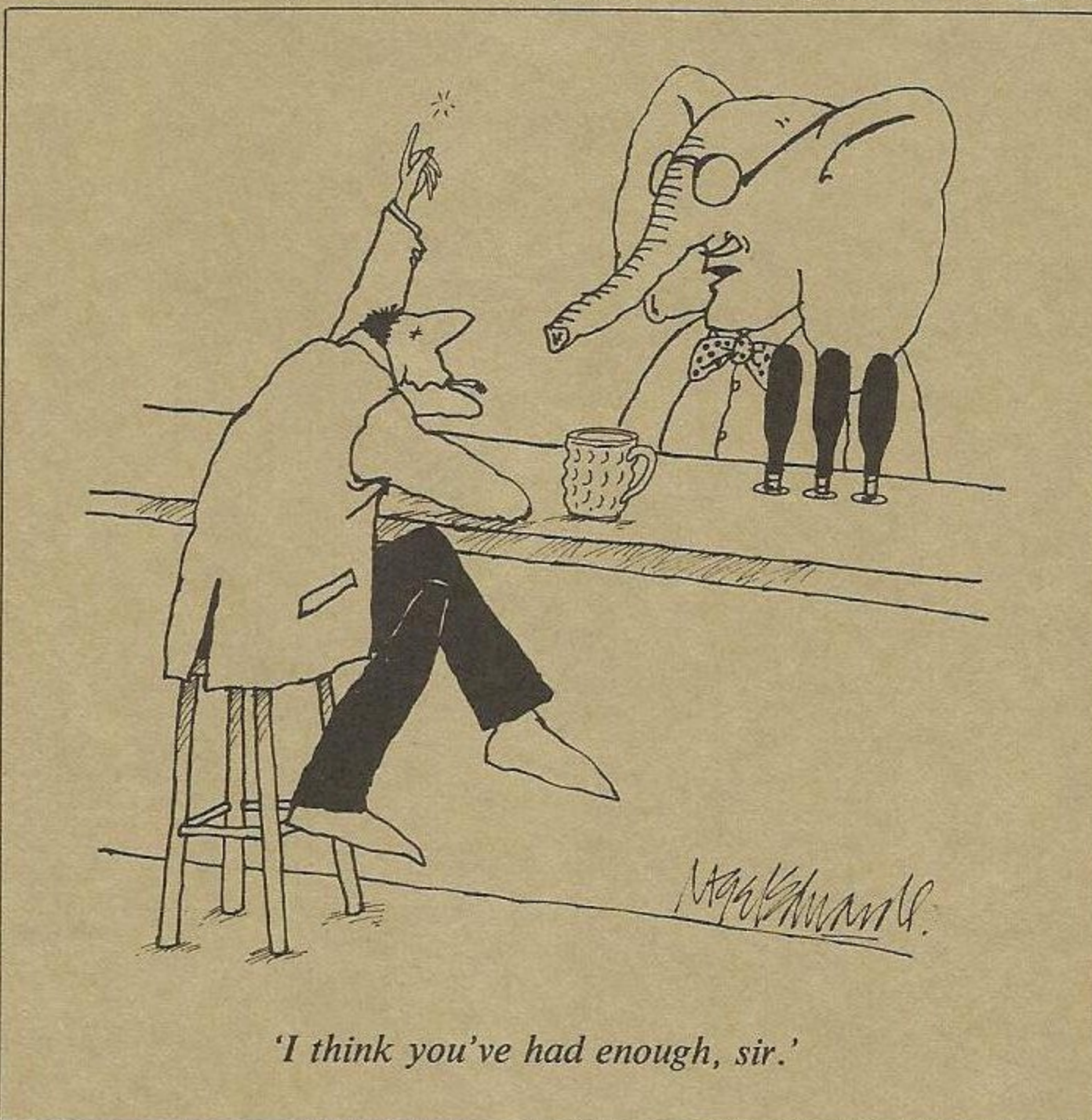
An altogether novel place to take a drink these days is at Hadji's new **Crazy Horse Saloon** in Alsopp Place, where Hadji has very pretty girls serving you as you play the motor-racing game **Scalectrics** with perfect replica racing cars on a 20-foot track. The topless girls in the downstairs bar are furious about this new attraction, which seems to exceed their own attributes.

One must not forget the visual attractions of alcohol itself, especially when served in the half coconut-shells or with the glass embedded in a solid block of ice, such as one finds in **Trader Vic's Bar** underneath the Hilton Hotel. Similarly, the visual effect of a complete carafe of vodka encased in a block of ice at **Nikita's** in Ifield Road is only exceeded by the sheer potency of the liquor, and many pretty girls can tell stories about its after effects.

If you do not wish to be chased by a crocodile as you are drinking your sundowner, then do not put your hand in the pool at the **Beachcomber Bar** at the Mayfair Hotel. And talking of the Beachcomber Bar, a lot of people seem to have forgotten that it is still the only bar in London where you can go into the back room and be served while you recline on brass bedsteads!

And finally, let me tell you about my favourite bar in London — that unbelievable one where you can stay until 3 am and drink as much beer or wine as you wish, without limit, for the all-in price of a fiver (and they give you a chicken dinner as well). To be true, this is a special arrangement which I have made with Jimmy Joseph, the owner of the **1520 AD Medieval Banqueting Hall** in St Martin's Lane, WC2, but I am in a position to make the same arrangement available to *Mayfair* readers if necessary!

Anyway, all this talk about liquor has really made us quite thirsty, so I hope you will excuse me — I think I'll just pop out for a drink!





SUE

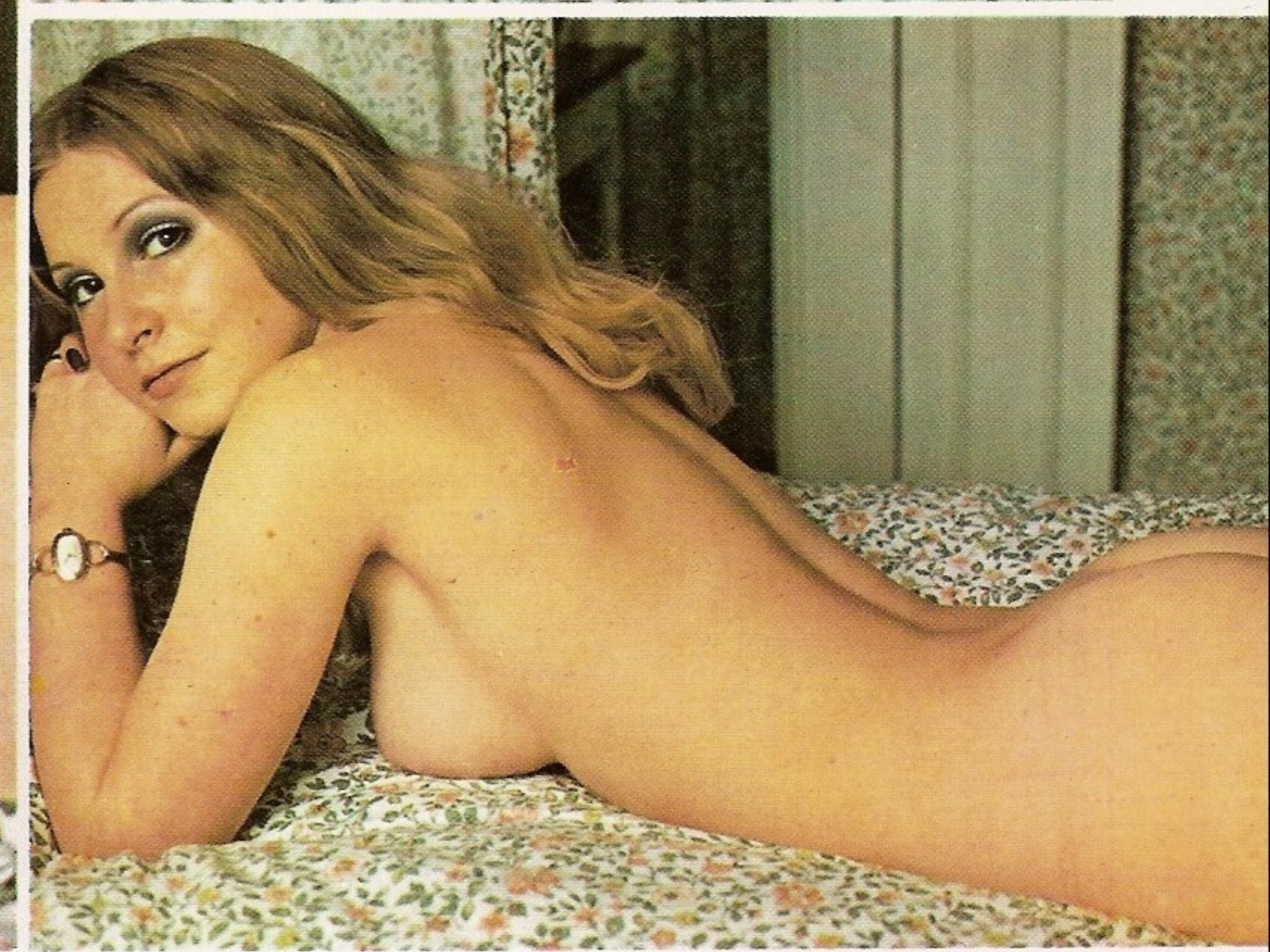
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JIM BUNKER

'Have you seen my pictures?' Sue asked, looking pleased as punch with a mile of smile stretched across her friendly face. 'They're really nice, aren't they?' Oh yes indeed. Sue Wigmore is a gentle girl of 18 who dreams of being raped. In the Land of Nod her sexual aggressors have no faces,



she says, but their bodies loom large and lifelike above her disturbingly well rounded 37-23-35. These masked violators take her roughly and without mercy - though she's not too sure if it's mercy that she actually wants. 'They're not really nightmares,' she says in a voice that sometimes makes her sound a little lost, a little melancholic. 'And when I wake up afterwards I usually feel quite good inside.' At other times, when she has been reading 'Mayfair' she dreams she is one of the girls in 'Quest' and finds herself acting out the sexual role described in one of the interviews. The recurring dreams reflect, perhaps, a secret wish to be dominated. 'I like men to be in control,' she admits. 'I like them to help



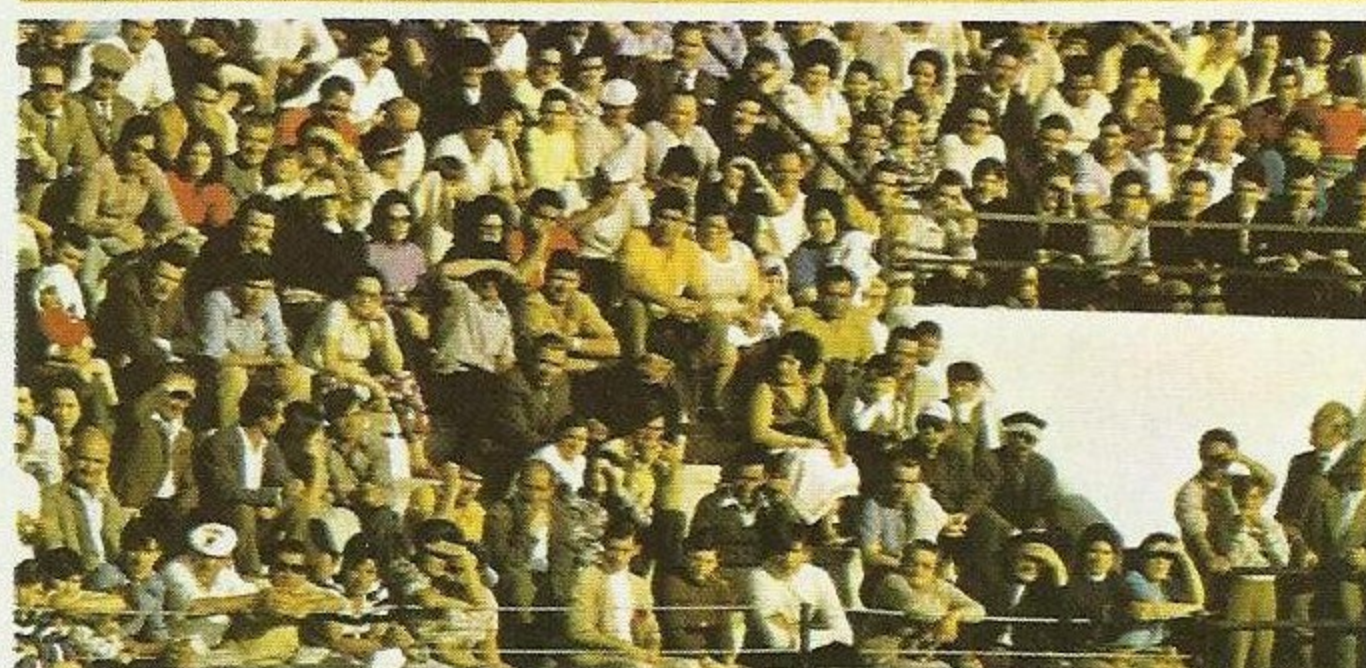


me choose my clothes. After all, a girl dresses to please the man she's going out with.' Her clothes are casual, youthful, long skirts and sometimes see-thru blouses, so those startlingly firm breasts can get an appropriately ponderous appraisal. Sue's home town is Maidstone down in Kent. There, three years ago, at the local Secondary school she fell in with some skinheads, cropped her hair and picked up some bad ways. 'I can't believe it happened,' she says wistfully. 'I suppose you're easily influenced at that age.' After she left school and had allowed her hair to grow again, she enrolled in a hairdressing and beauty culture course at the South East Technical College in Folkestone, where she commuted from home. 'There wasn't any point in living down there,' she says. 'I'm not a raving socialite or anything, but the place was just dead.' Now she's settling into her first job in a unisex hairdressers in Staines, where she hopes her life will swing a little more.

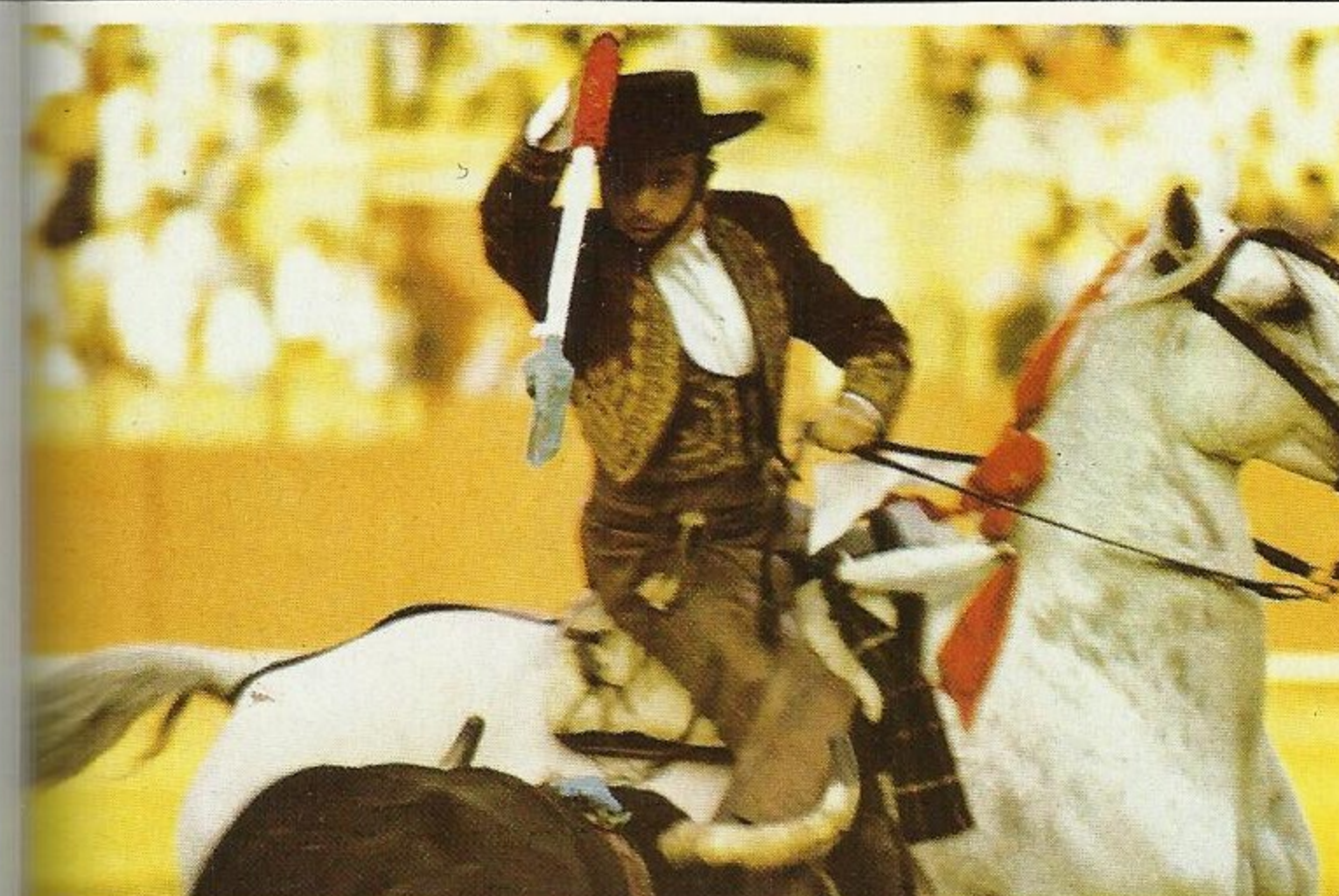


Death from the saddle

Outlawed since the 1700s, bullfighting from horseback is staging a spectacular revival in Spain's bullrings



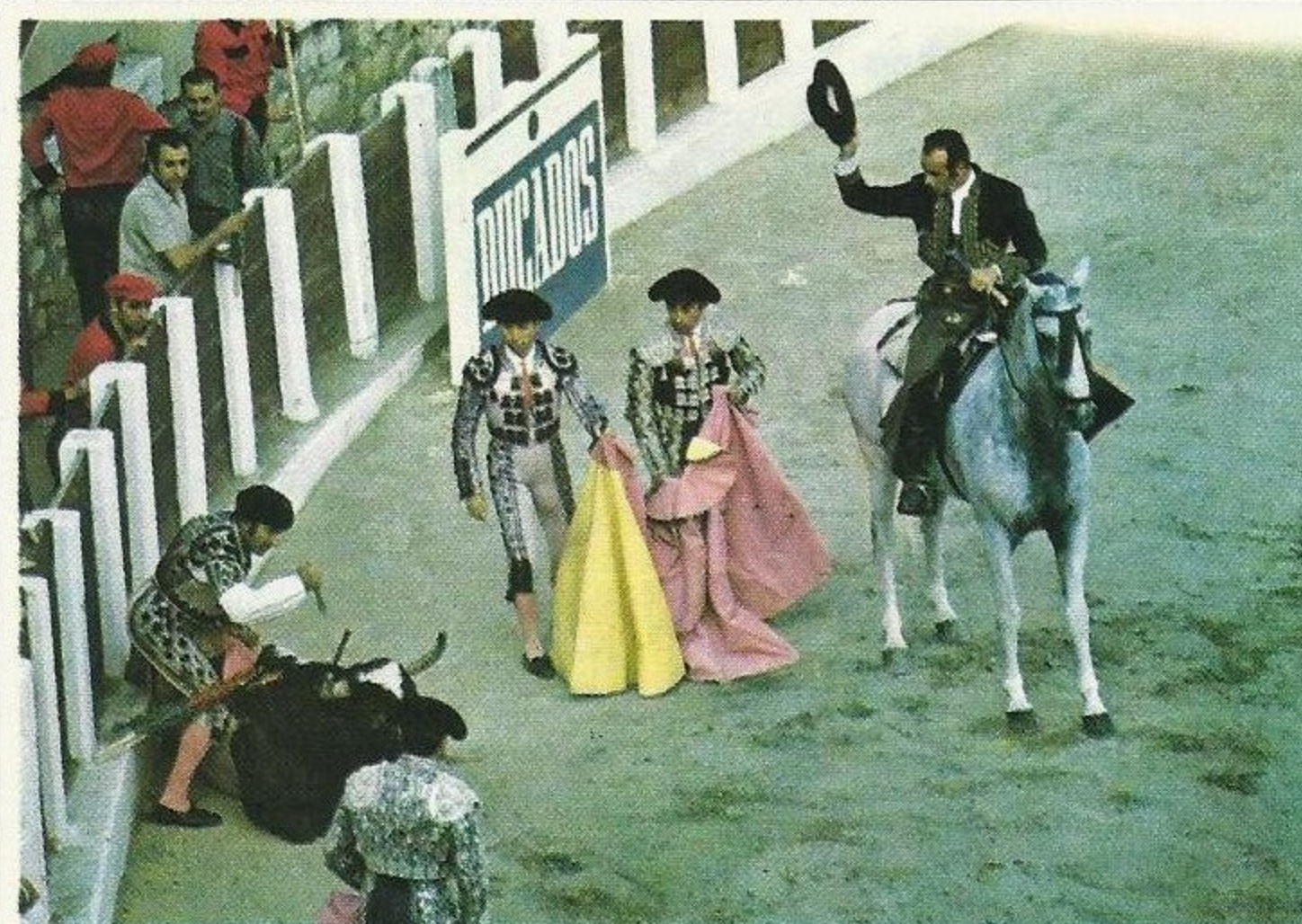
Above: the mounted matador taunts the bull with hat-waving and cries. Top left: a pass within inches of the deadly horns, spear ready for the downthrust. Top right: the horseman fixes his eye on the target, a point high on the bull's ridge. He must always manoeuvre to meet the animal head on, its horns lowered so that his spear will penetrate deep enough to ensure a kill. Total understanding between horse and rider is essential. At any moment the bull may toss its horns and badly gore horseman or mount. Right: the moment of death. The matador's gesture of triumph is interrupted as his horse swerves aside to avoid the falling bull.



On a fine day in June 1725 in the city of Madrid the Spanish nobility decided to provide their king with a demonstration of one of their most highly refined sports. An armed knight rode into an arena to fight bulls. With him went footmen, or *mata-toros*, whose task it was to hamstring and finish off the wounded beasts. But King Philip V was a Bourbon, a Frenchman, whose tastes rebelled at this 'barbarous business.' His disgust was so great that Spanish bullfighting on horseback – death from the saddle – went into an eclipse

that lasted two centuries, and looked to be permanent. Bullfighting itself went 'underground,' out into the wild and barren beauty of the countryside, where a curious transformation took place. Horses were few and far between, expensive to replace. Close to an untamed nature the peasants demanded a more direct – and dangerous – confrontation between the charging bull and a man on foot. Theirs was a sport borne out of brute necessity: the domination and slaughter of a powerful beast. Gradually the noble rider





Clockwise this page: the motions of death. Using his horse's rear to draw the bull in the same way the toreador on foot would employ a cape, the mounted matador drives his spear vertically into the animal's back. Wounded but still active the bull is goaded by the movement of the retreating horse's tail. Contrary to popular belief it is movement and sound, not colour, that enrages the bull. After another pass and further spears the bull sinks to the sand, (right), its eye glazing with exhaustion. Death is very near. After a successful kill the horseman acknowledges the applause of the crowd before being awarded the ears of the bull.



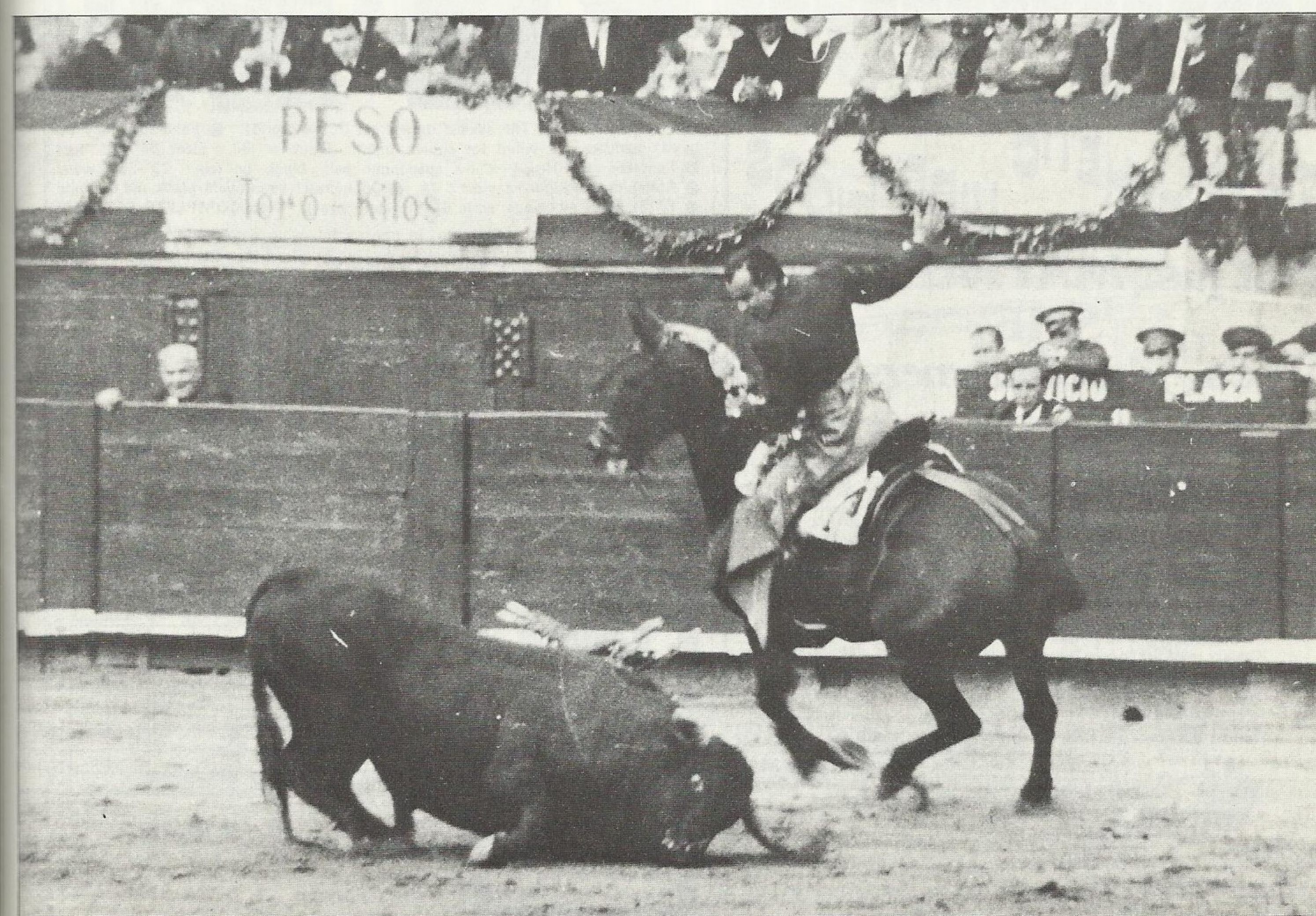
became the lowly picador. The lackey, the *mata-toros*, blossomed into the glamorous *matador*, the charismatic hero of the people. So it was when the sport was publicly revived at the beginning of this century. Though his riding skill was always acknowledged the mounted picador remained a secondary figure – a guide and goad to the bull – whose importance diminished further with the introduction of the thick protective mattress behind which the matador could run for shelter. Yet today all that has changed. History has come full circle; horsemen again dominate the bullrings of Spain and provide the biggest crowd pleasers. Last year the four leading horse-riders toted up about 450 fights. The top four afoot were lucky to manage 275. Why the sudden reversal? Ironically enough it is attributable in great part to those who might be expected to condemn the sport most vociferously: the young and foreign tourists, particularly the British. The *aficionados* who brought bullfighting back from oblivion are markedly in retreat. The plain fact – which the

Spanish nobles of old acknowledged well – is that horsefighting is a brilliant and dramatic spectacle. It combines the grace and style of superb horsemanship with the colour and breath-taking suspense of the earthier conflict. Its popular appeal is enormous. In fact the two forms of the sport are extremely alike. The rider is known as a *rejoneador* from the *réjon*, a spear with a breakaway shaft which is his chief weapon. It is the equivalent of the picador's pica, used when an over-lively bull needs slowing down. A lighter harpoon enlivens a sluggish animal – as do the *banderillas* in the foot-bound fight. The *réjon's* haft is designed to snap off at the join when its pear-leaf blade is inserted. The wound must be evacuated soon so that it will bleed. It is a task mounted and walking matadors share. Their canonical rules are as follows: *coger* (catching the bull), *mandar* (guiding it to the matador), and – the final refinement – *templar*, imposing a timing on the bull, pacing it. A bull charges motion because

up to the moment it reaches the ring only cork trees and boulders have ever failed to give way to it. A red rag never inflamed any bull, until it was waved. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proved this in 1928 when bullfighting was staged in Madison Square Garden in New York. They insisted that the bullfighters' capes were green. It made no difference. Juan Belmonte, the one undisputed genius the sport has known, discovered this in 1912 and used it to make bulls move as he willed. He had observed that they always travelled onto target with horns low so that as soon as they touched it they could hook it upwards. He kept the cape just off the catch. If the cloth was never far enough away, nor yet quite caught, the bull would plough on head down for a very long time – at least the very furthest reach of his arm. The extreme danger of the manoeuvre was only matched by the sexual connotations of teetering on the verge of completion, but never quite achieving it – a view borne out by the fact that the climax of the fight could

produce orgasm in the performer. Oddly enough it was Belmonte, the greatest foot-fighter, who brought *templar* to horsefighting. When his career on foot ended he took to horseback and used his horse's rear like a cape, since only motion mattered to the bull. But the basis of modern horsefighting, the inspiration that turns mere technique – however refined – into an art, came through the vision of another man. He first appeared in the ring at Madrid on October 14 1921. Pygmy-sized Cañero was a former cavalry officer, a professor of equitation and a foot-fighter as well. Until then riders had appeared in the ring only as *entr'actes*, chiefly from Portugal where the strain of noble horse-fighting had continued untainted from Philip V's days. They were accomplished, and were also much appreciated in their home country, but meant little to the brigand heart of Spain. They lacked the emotion of tragedy. The little cavalry officer changed

turn to page 37



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ME

36

It is nearly 500 years now since horse-fighting first came to Spain. Ever since the Moors were expelled in 1492 and armed knights found themselves without a suitable target. The bull met that need. It had the speed and the mass of a mounted man at the joust. And in that was the beginning of all bullfighting, mounted or foot – the crunch of mounted man against the one animal that ordinarily charges straight.



'Another good year like this one, m'dear, and we should be able to afford a lion house.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

Three new girls had just finished a week's probation at the town brothel, while the madam assessed their popularity with the customers.

'I'll take you all,' she said. 'Suzy, you can charge £20 a go. Sandra, you can charge £10, but Marie, you'll have to stay at £1 until you learn that the customer always comes first.'

The attractive young student teacher was deeply worried about the school inspector's forthcoming visit. Her class contained the roughest boys in the school and was invariably in an uproar. After confiding her concern to her boyfriend – an engineering student – he devised a plan to get her through the inspection.

One evening he went to his girlfriend's classroom, drilled a tiny hole in the seat of each desk, and inserted a needle. Each needle was attached to a small electric motor, operated by a series of switches beneath the teacher's desk.

The next day the school inspector walked into the classroom. The young teacher threw a switch, the needles darted and the whole class rocketed to its feet.

'Excellent,' said the inspector. 'Nice, well-mannered bunch you have here. Would you ask them a few questions please. Any subject will do.'

'Right,' she said, pointing to a boy in the front row. 'Jimmy, who died for us on the cross?'

She flicked a switch, the needle jumped and so did the boy. 'Jesus Christ!' he cried.

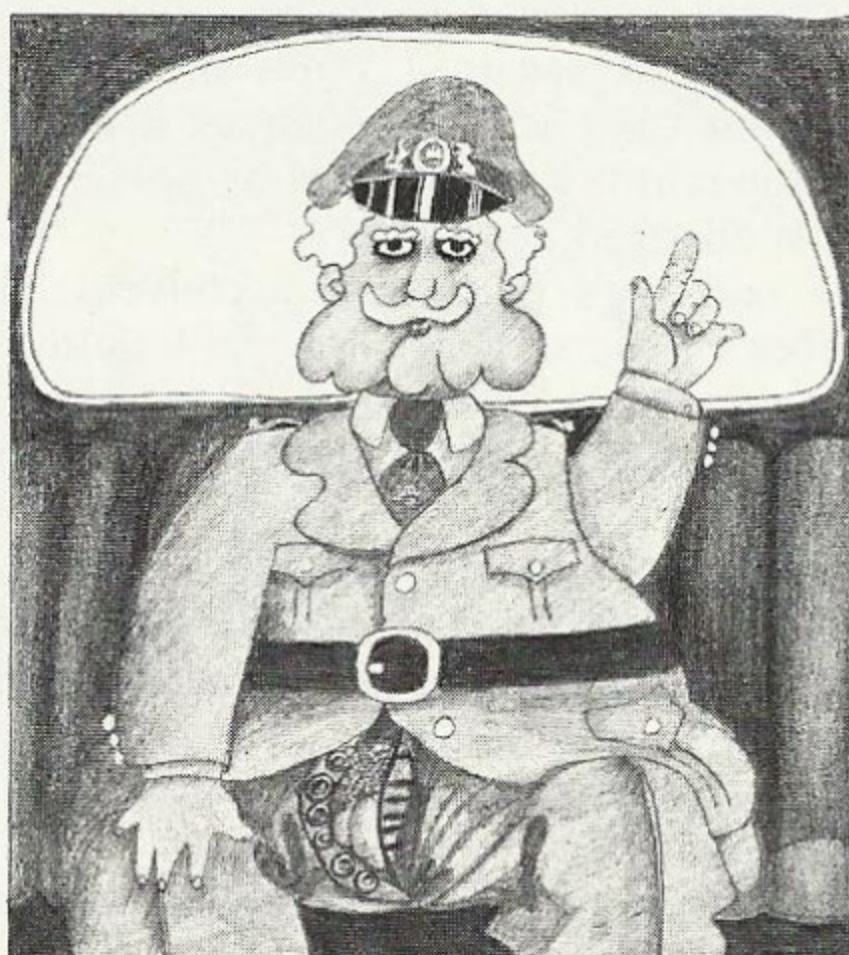
The inspector smiled appreciatively. Indicating a boy in the middle, the teacher asked, 'Johnny, who did they find in the bullrushes?'

Click! went a switch, the boy leapt into the air and, rubbing his backside, groaned, 'Holy Moses!'

'Very good,' said the inspector, beaming. Brimming with new-found confidence, the teacher failed to notice that sharp eyes had caught the movement of her hands beneath the desk.

'Tommy,' she said, selecting a fresh-faced youngster at the back of the room. 'Tell us what Eve said to Adam in the Garden of Eden.'

But before she could touch the switch the boy sprang to his feet and shouted indignantly, 'You're not sticking that effing thing in me!'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The general was being driven to a high level conference in his staff car. As they approached headquarters, his driver, an attractive young WRAC, happened to glance at her passenger and noticed that his flies were undone.

'Pardon me, sir,' she said, glancing away quickly to hide her embarrassment. 'The barrack gates are open!'

'Good, good,' said the general. 'Drive straight in.'

'But sir,' the young private ventured. 'What I meant was that the *barrack gates* are open.'

'Damn it all,' thundered the general. 'Do as I command. Drive straight in!'

On entering the conference hall the general was hurriedly approached by a high ranking staff officer, who whispered, 'Excuse my mentioning this, sir, but your flies are open.'

'My God!' the old boy exploded. 'Now I understand what my driver meant.'

As he was driven back from the conference the general glanced at his young chauffeuse and smiled, remembering her earlier embarrassment.

'Tell me, my dear,' he said, preening himself. 'When you told me the barrack gates were open, what did you see? Was it a smart sentry stood to attention and wearing a red cap?'

'No, sir,' replied the girl briskly. 'But I did see an old Home Guard asleep on two sandbags!'

Few sexual athletes have matched the stamina of the cut-price furniture salesman who made love to a girl through an entire spring.

'You've got to expect that kind of thing with those cheap sofas,' he said later.

The admiral took his daughter aside on the eve of her wedding and said gruffly, 'Mavis, I've never advised you on sex since your mother died, but I feel that as you're marrying a sailor I must say just one thing. Let him do anything he likes, but if ever he asks you to do it "the other way," don't let him.'

Even though the daughter did not understand what he meant, she promised to follow his advice.

The couple were married and had a blissfully happy sex life for six months. But all this time Mavis had 'the other way' at the back of her mind and one evening she blurted out: 'Please, Jack, let's do it the other way tonight.'

Her husband looked at her incredulously. 'What!' he said. 'And risk having babies?'

Definition of a dolly-chasing rugger bugger: genital giant.

During a power struggle among the secret societies of San Francisco's Chinatown Lee Wang Ho, a prominent laundry owner, was earmarked for liquidation. On the appointed day bullets spattered a nearby wall as Mr. Lee climbed into a taxi. He was unscathed but a ricochet cut down an innocent bystander, Foo Lung. The next day, Foo Lung's widow received a telegram: 'Condolences, please excuse, mere slip of the Tong.'

Did you hear about the chauffeur who swerved to avoid a child and almost fell out of bed?

Or the quiet village that was so fed up with speeding drivers in its high street the council put up a sign reading: 'Slow, nudists crossing ahead?'

A bobby who lived by his truncheon
Would visit a girl after luncheon,
But to her dismay
She discovered one day
The delights of his bodily function.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.



BARBARA

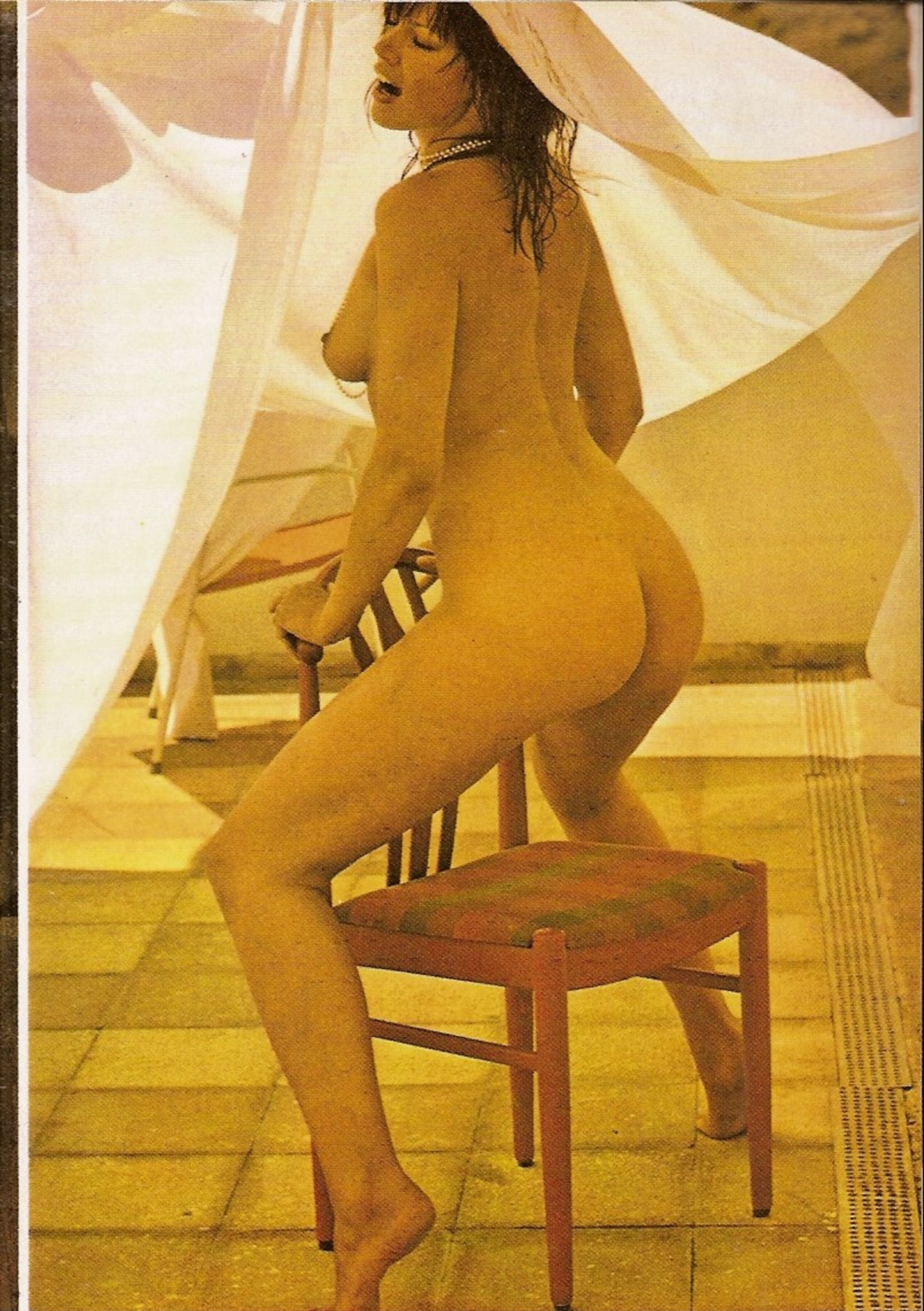


We met Barbara at Heathrow 10.30 am. En route to a yacht party in Sardinia, returning from a 'shindig' in Manhattan. Striding head erect through customs, leather maxi split from knee to sun bronzed thigh, bra-less breasts bobbing in a blouse of skin soft silk. Her gaze is tigerish, cool, promising an infinite reward. She drinks American bourbon, neat. 'What would you like to hear?' she asks. 'How honest can I be?' The accent is international. A hint of Swedish, or is it German? 'I'm 22, I'm too tall - 5 feet 7, too fat - 34-25-35 - though I'm slimming for my present lover. Do you want to know about my lovers?' They include some of the richest men in Europe and some of the

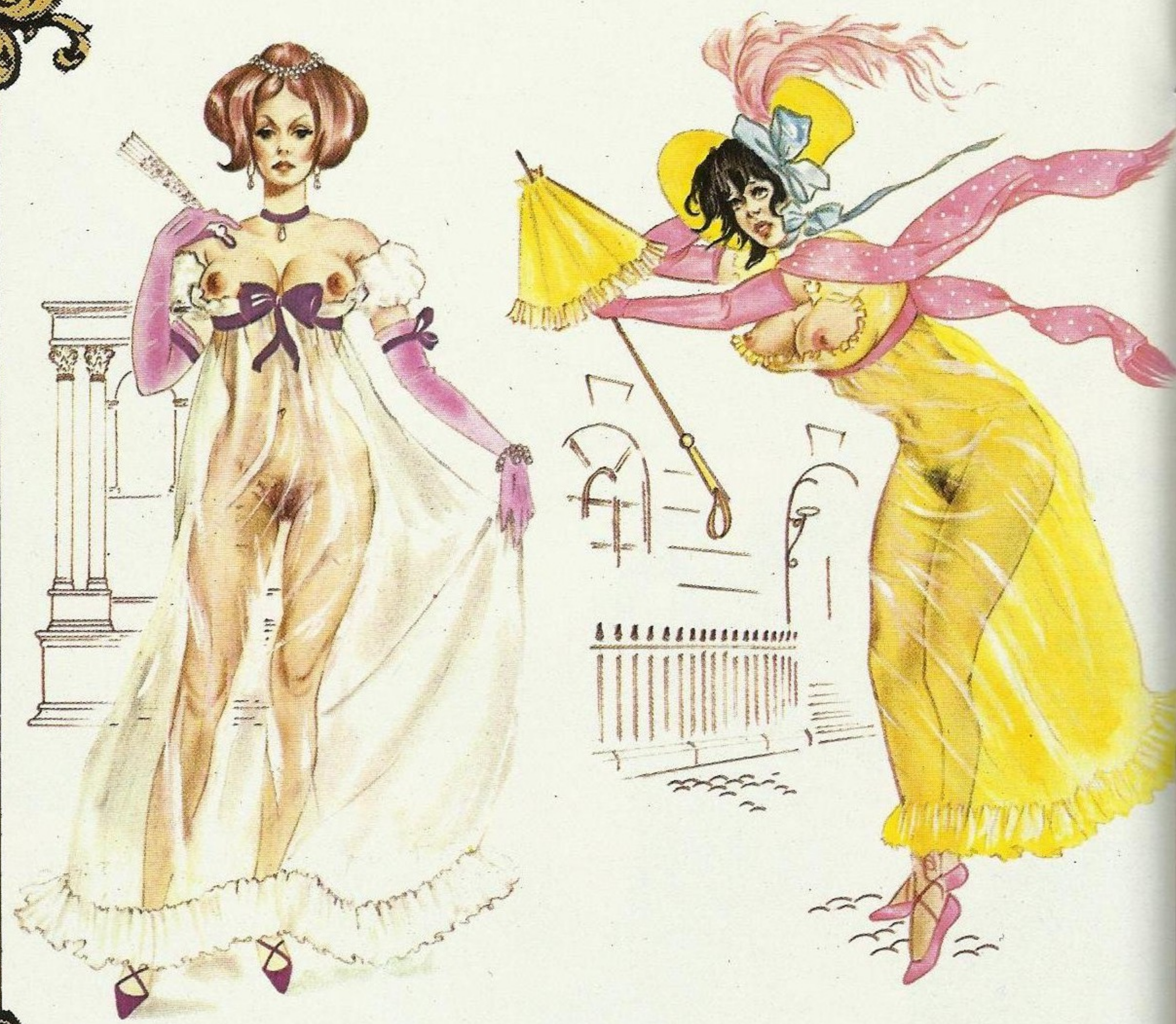




poorest – from America, from the Mediterranean, from Scandinavia and England. 'It's nice to have money,' she smiles, 'but some things you can't buy.' Since 'discarding' her virginity, Barbara Kingsland has been 'en route' – to a beach party on the Aegean, a winter cruise on a friend's luxury yacht, a quiet weekend on a Baltic island. 'When I was very young I decided I needed certain things. Most included pleasure. Giving and taking it.' Those needs are few, and expensive: cigars, because they smell nice; stockings and suspenders 'because they make a man stand up and notice. But mostly –' her look laps at us like a warm tongue – 'I like men.'







It was really the sparring partners

Edward Knox romps through a Regency Rout and finds those 19th century ladies

Splendid at the gallop I may be but I'm not beau-legged. If Shakespeare's Prince Hal had ever wandered through Regency Bath he'd never have said 'Once more unto the breach' - he'd have rushed straight

home for a pair of Oxford bags. Breeches, in short, are not fun. And long ones aren't much better either. 'Are they meant to stick out like that?' asked a peeved Priscilla, looking me up.

'Only in the mating season,' I grimaced. 'We'll leave the seizin' till later,' she sniffed. That was the trouble. Cilla was the original time-piece: two falls before a hint of submission and I was still

that led bucks to the waters of Bath

knew quite a bit about undoing buttons and beaux. Drawings by Ronald Cobb

struggling with my boxing gloves. Hard knocks indeed for poor Edward. I wouldn't have bothered if she hadn't been such a forward girl. With a right royal obsession. 'You'll come with me to the Regency Rout,

won't you Edward?' she cooed. 'Darling,' I said, eyeing the sofa. 'I'll come with you anywhere.' 'Capital!' she cried, and murder it very nearly was. Within seconds I was up to

my Y-fronts in breathtaking Regency tights. 'It's a sort of carnival they hold around here,' she explained. 'Everyone dresses up like beaux and ladies and parades through

turn to page 59 53



THE SHAPE OF DRINKS TO COME—GORDON'S.

sparring partners

continued on page 53

the streets to meet the Prince Regent. It's terribly gay!

With trousers like these it couldn't be anything else. Another minute and my wicked wicked ways wouldn't even be mildly naughty.

'How do you like my dress, Edward?' she called. 'It's genuine Empire-line.'

I gulped as the sun caught the flimsy material from behind and lighted splendidly most of what she had in front.

'You can't go out like that, you'll be arrested,' I breathed, crossing my legs.

'Better still I'll be arrested.' She avoided my lunge deftly.

'Keep the Nelson touch till later, Horatio,' she advised. 'We've a date. Remember?' Time Knox, I told myself, to make your excuses and leave. Hook and Empire-line she might be, but I'd never sink her.

Outside was a matchbox on wheels and a stallion.

'I hope you can handle a gig,' said Cilla climbing aboard.

'Nothing to it,' I said, prodding the animal's flank in a friendly manner. 'I was one of the Stones' first road managers.' Perhaps it was the way I said it. The stallion reared up on its hind legs and, neighing wildly, disappeared down a side street.

'You might have said goodbye,' I frowned. I would have said more but a yellow parasol struck me squarely in a triangular spot. 'Oh, I'm most awfully sorry. That horse frightened me and the wind blew it out of my hand.'

She was yellow bonneted, buxom and beautiful. Ignoring the pain, I bowed.

'Worry no more, madam. Battling Beau Knox at your service - though I'll submit on reasonable terms.'

'I must admit,' she smiled, dropping dark eyes, 'you seem a man of parts. Are you up for the day?'

'That,' I told her, 'depends entirely on you.'

She blushed a delicate pink.

'I'm concerned about your friend on the gig. Shouldn't we call the police?'

I took her arm. 'My telephone or yours?'

'Ah!' she said, balancing on tiptoe. 'There's my husband, he'll know the nearest box.'

'What a shocking migraine,' I cried, clutching my forehead. 'I must lie down. Alone.' Cursing silently, I took my fate in both hands and exited up Priscilla's sidestreet. Pangs of conscience were assailing me, and besides she had the only key to her flat.

At the next junction was a huge crowd. Undeterred I pushed through.

'Whoaa!' screamed a shrill voice. Glancing up I noticed a large hoof about to descend. Nearby was several inches of shapely thigh.

'Young man, get out of the parade!' it said. 'You're blocking my path.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'I've only just met you.' Bored, the horse with the raised hoof snorted and fell over. Rewarded with a panorama of pantiless delight I reached for the blonde bombshell who had ridden it. But she exploded at a touch.

'You lay one finger on me!'

'What about a hand?' I queried, but my suggestion was lost in the onrush of willing male spectators.

Close to despair I squatted on a door step while the parade passed me by.

'Psst!' came a voice from below. I looked down on a froth of brown hair and twin peaks of full, firm pleasure.

'You seem perfectly sober to me, my dear,' I replied encouragingly.

'I'm locked out,' she hissed. 'I was fetching an old mattress from the shed, and the basement door shut behind me.'

'Never fear,' I said, dropping lightly beside her. 'Knox is here. And here. And...'

Giggling, she pulled her negligé tight about her, buffering my fall in mountainous mammaries.

'Eh,' she smirked, 'you're a bit fresh, aren't you?'

'Darling,' I quipped, kneeling open the shed door, 'what I'm after is as old as the hills.' Later, much later, I yawned on the mattress and wondered aloud, 'Perhaps there's something in this Regency get up after all.' Love-locked-out squirmed under me, and frowned.

'Come again?' she said.

So I did. ☞



'Od's faith, Charles - we are living in the eighteenth century!'

why dontcha

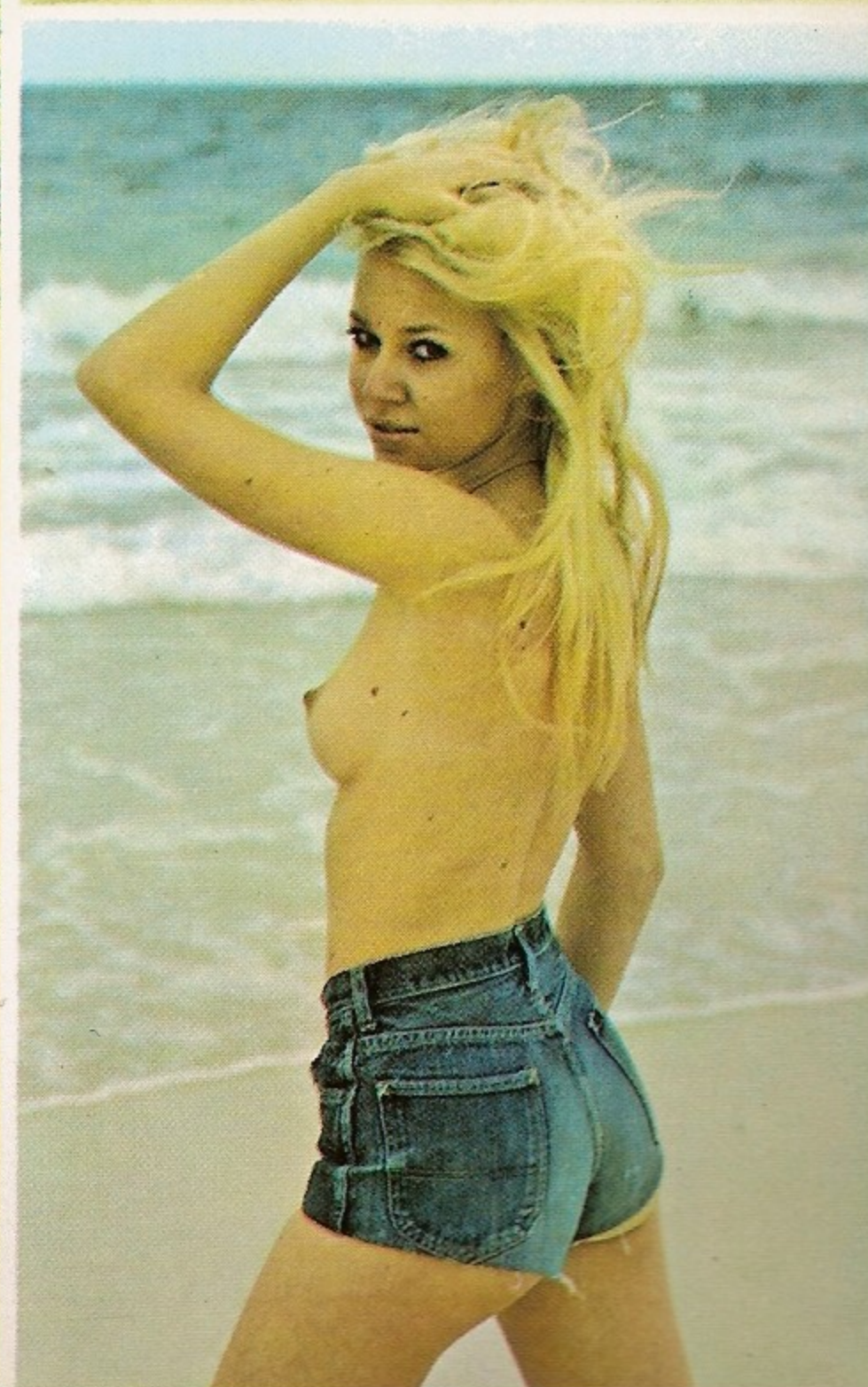
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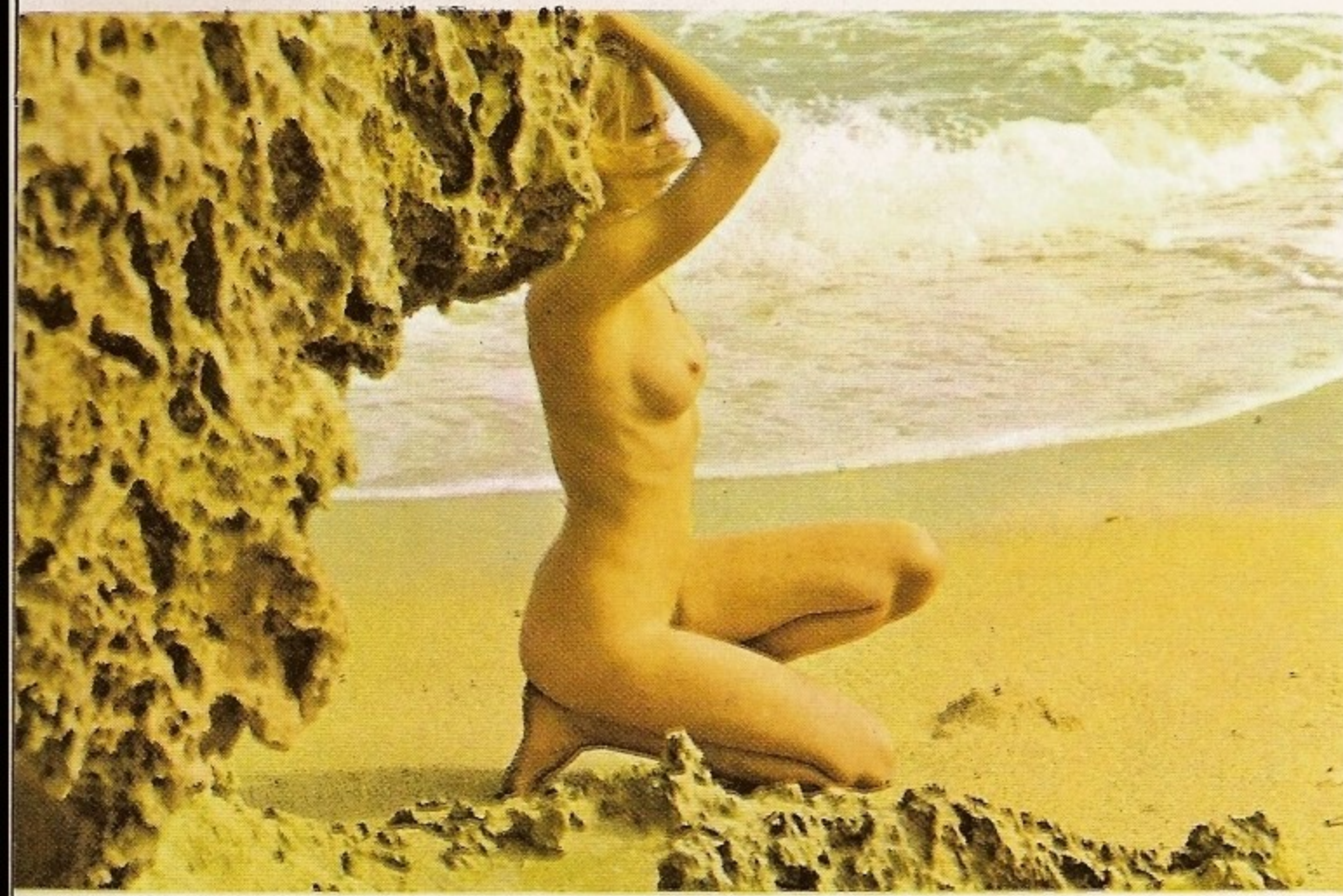


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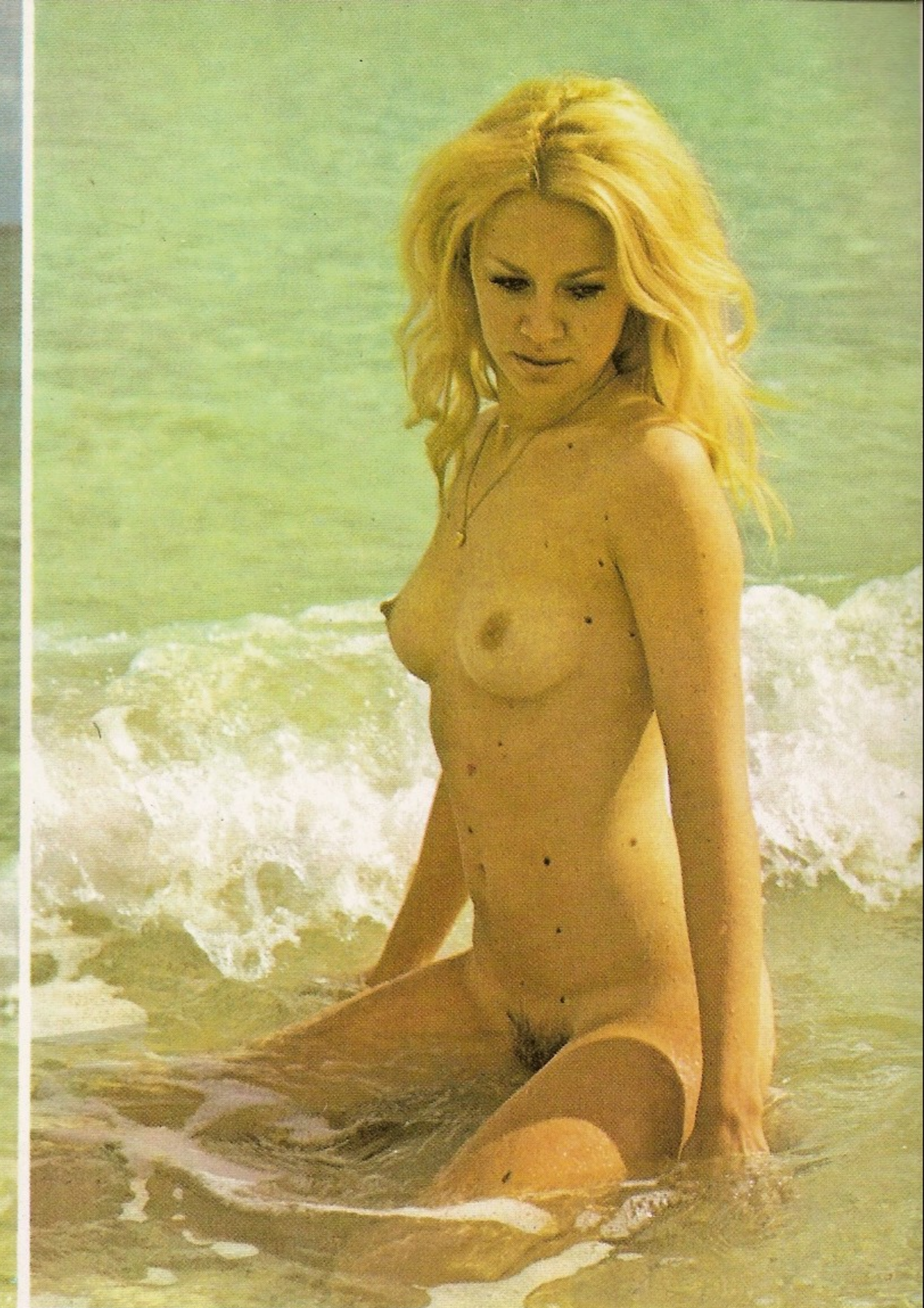
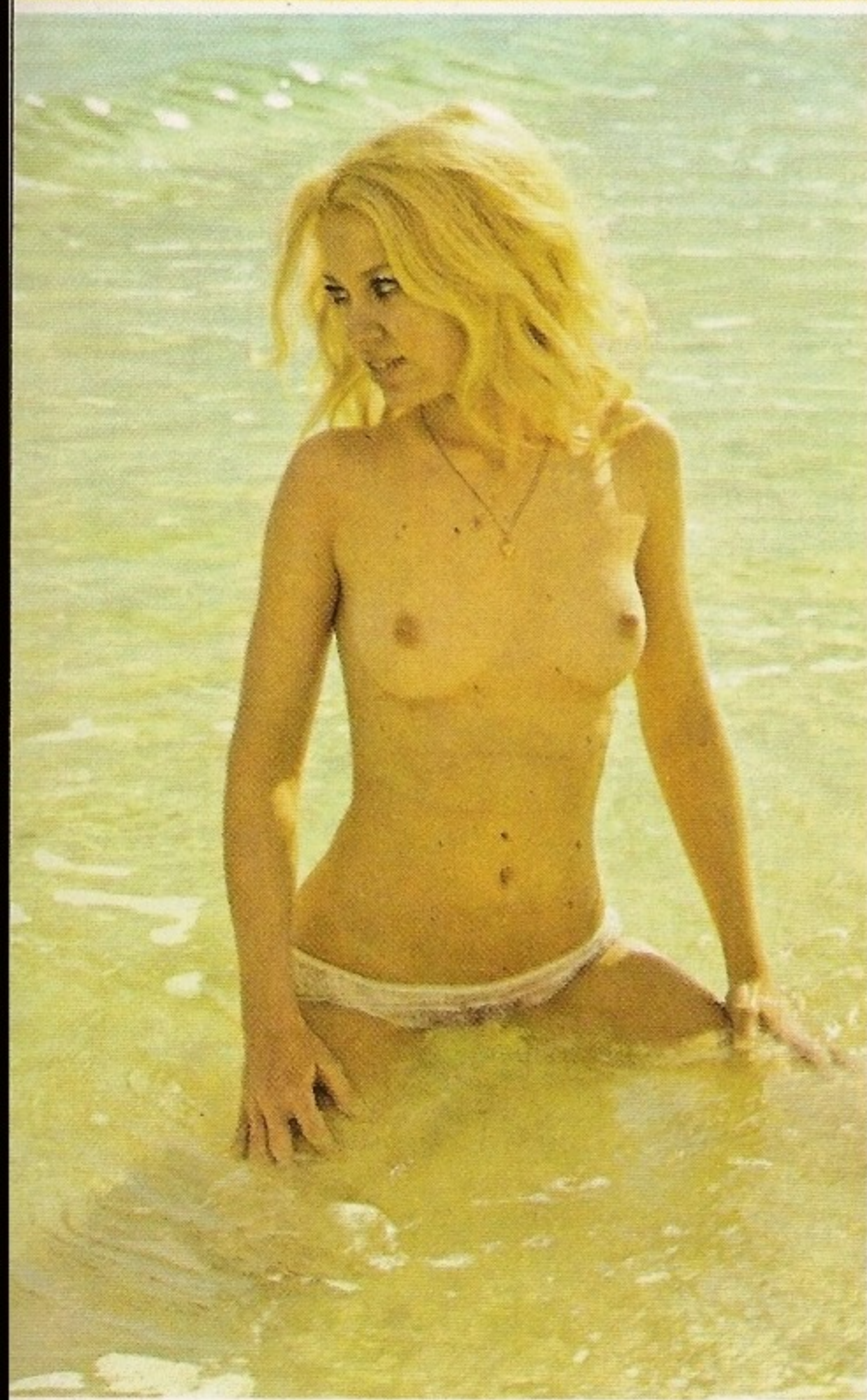
Marenius

Marenius is a desert island girl. Not because we first sighted her on a beach – on the Viking side of the North Sea – but because she has all the qualities of an ideal Miss Crusoe. Hardy, self-sufficient with a mind of her own, she is equal to most situations life can supply – from a tricky customer in the stock control department of the Gothenberg manufacturing firm where she works, to a major emotional crisis with an ex-boyfriend. 'I am not a hard person,' she tells us. 'In fact I am very very soft inside, but I don't believe in crying over spilt milk. You must always go on.' A mature 20-year-old she wears her femininity like a uniform – the practical beauty of a Grace Kelly or





a Jill St John. 'I work with men almost all the time,' she says. 'At first everyone was too friendly, if you understand; and I was very shy, I didn't want to be rude. Now I think it's best to be businesslike. I like my work in any case. I can be completely involved in it.' Nevertheless her sexuality oozes unbidden, creating an aura even she cannot ignore. A thought that brings her first smile. 'I know I am popular at work.' Shedding her clothes, we see why. Five feet 3 inches tall, her 36-23-35 figure is exquisitely formed: tight stomach, moulded breasts and a nipple-length sweep of Nordic blonde. Under an admiring gaze her reserve softens; the first touch of tenderness sparks a smile of surprising warmth. You glimpse furnaces beneath. 'I have very definite plans. I want a home and children and a good job. Most of all I want a good relationship. Not just in sex but in everything. Luck, we feel, will be on her side.



Tourist Trophy is a great title in motor racing—and the trophy is quite something, too. But it is a race with a chequered career and one that, in the opinion of the older followers of the sport, has fallen sadly in prestige, excitement and significance.

The scheme started sensibly enough. The fearsome town-to-town racers were becoming outrageous in their sheer power and pace and had brought on themselves the holocaust of Paris-Madrid, the race the government of France stopped at Bordeaux on account of the casualties and fatalities back along the tree-lined, dust-obscured route. It was time, thought our Automobile Club, to have a race which would encourage the touring car. Thus the Tourist Trophy was born. The first of a long and varied series took place in 1905, so the TT has the distinction of being one of the oldest continuous motor races in Britain. It was considered that a long testing road course was essential to display effectively the latest in what we would today call fast touring cars. The RAC did this by using a circuit which took in almost the entire circumference of the hilly Isle of Man. It also devised some very complicated rules to ensure that the competing automobiles really were like genuine touring ones.

It had a fuel consumption limit and insisted on proper, upholstered four-seater bodies – none of those stripped chassis topped by a light bucket-seat for the intrepid driver, with his mechanic squatting on the floor, which were devouring Continental roads at not far short of 100 mph. There were also weight stipulations, making it all most complicated. Yet interest was intense. On a scorching hot September Thursday, 28 British and 14 foreign cars started on this epic tour for a trophy, in which they were required to race for four laps of the strenuous 52 mile course.

There was drama aplenty. The famous Hon C. S. Rolls, on a Rolls-Royce, was flagged away first, only to retire with stripped gears. For the fore-runner of 'The Best Car in the World' this was unfortunate, to say the least. Rolls blusteringly tried to suggest his car had been tampered with. The race was won, at a rousing 33.9

TT—the race of a

The Tourist Trophy is the oldest and hairiest of Britain's

mph, by John Napier's flat-twin Arrol-Johnston, which had 8.3 pints of petrol still in its tank at the finish and Rolls tried to have the Scottish car eliminated because it had been driven for some of the race with its silencer trailing. The young aristocrat suggested this was done on purpose to give the rival's engine more than its declared 18 bhp, which it developed at 800 rpm. This was disallowed and Rolls-Royce had to be content with Percy Nothrey's Rolls in second place which had averaged 0.2 mph less than the Arrol, and had even less fuel in hand. As the winner had also made best lap-speed, at 34.3 mph, there was little doubt where the honours lay.

Such a slow contest might seem very dull. Not a bit of it! This first Tourist Trophy was a roaring success, with makers bringing out TT models and both industry and spectators clamouring for more. So for 1906 much the same thing was organised by the Automobile Club, as the RAC then was. To avoid disrupting the Island's rail services a shorter 40.25 mile circuit was made,

designed to be covered four times. This time Rolls-Royce made no mistakes. Charlie Rolls was the popular winner, his 20 hp tourer averaging 39.43 mph, to defeat Bablot's French Berliet and A. Lee Guinness' Darracq. Rolls had made the quickest lap, at fractionally under 40 mph, and his 22 bhp, 2,050 lb motor-car had, one might have been relieved to learn, Dunlop 'non-skid' tyres on Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels.

It is interesting how, in the pre-1914 days, Rolls-Royce could make mistakes but how rapidly and effectively they eliminated them. Rolls' defeat in the 1905 TT was followed by a convincing victory in 1906. In a later Alpine Trial a Rolls-Royce failed to get up one of the passes, having too high a gear, but the following year a team of these

cars returned, to sweep all before them. (Hopefully the 1973 Rolls will cope as well with political and financial set-backs as its predecessors did with all their mechanical failing).

TT matters were complicated in 1907 because the RAC had elaborated an already complex contest by instituting two classes. There was another TT. But there was also a race, run concurrently, for heavy touring cars. These wore clumsy wooden screens behind the front seats rising some eight feet above the road, to simulate a limousine body. To render racing with these wind-brakes somewhat safer, some comic

thousand thrills

circuit circuses where anything can happen. Motoring by WB

had insisted that two holes be cut therein, so that driver and mechanic, as they wafted along the Isle of Man course at a furious 30 mph, could take backward glances for a sight of anyone trying to pass them.

Perhaps it was this, or the infernal weather, but the TT of the year when Brooklands was born seems to have resembled the proverbial damp squib. The fuel allowance had proved inadequate, so only two cars finished in the two races. The TT winner was the wily Courtis, who preserved his petrol by regular lappery, his Rover averaging 28.8 mph in a gale and torrential rain. A Beeston-Humber came in second at 28.1 mph. The 'heavies' event went to Mills, who held the John o' Groats-

Land's End record for high, ordinary tricycles.

Realising that it must simplify the rules of the 1908 TT, the RAC did just that, only to run into other problems. A minimum weight limit of 1,600 lb coupled to a stipulation that cars would have not more than four cylinders of a bore not exceeding four inches – hence the Four Inch Race – was simple enough. But by now the Island was agin' motor racing. The Isle of Manslaughter it was called, quite unjustifiably, because no serious accidents had befallen racing there. Auntie Times was blamed for having suggested that stripped four-inchers would go at terrible speeds compared with those the staid tourers had achieved.

However, race they did, and a mixed field of 38 great makes ended in victory at a stirring 50½ mph for Watson on a Napier-inspired Hutton, from a couple of Darracqs and a Calthorpe. Speeds of 70–75 mph down the mountain roads,

a car rolling over, an engine on fire, oysters fed to a driver during his pit-stop, were among the high-lights of the race. Yet it was not until 1914 that the TT was run again.

By then it was apparent that motors had become accepted. We are told that even the Master of Foxhounds ran a Napier. It was apparent that in planning a great two-day 600 mile race for out-and-out racing cars of up to 3,310 cc the RAC was seeking to provide a public holiday, and to hell with the Tourist aspect of the TT. The British, and their Sunbeam share-holders especially, probably loved it, as Kenelm Lee Guinness won on a 16-valve four-cylinder bolster-tank Sunbeam. After driving it for more than 10½ hours at an average of 56.44 mph over the sinuous circuit, he came in nearly 20 minutes ahead of a couple of smoke-screen-making sleeve-valve Belgian Minervas. A chap called W. O. Bentley was 6th, and last, on a DFP.

This successful kind of racing would have been resumed in 1915 but for the war. By 1922 the RAC was able to do it again, as the International Tourist Trophy, over a 302

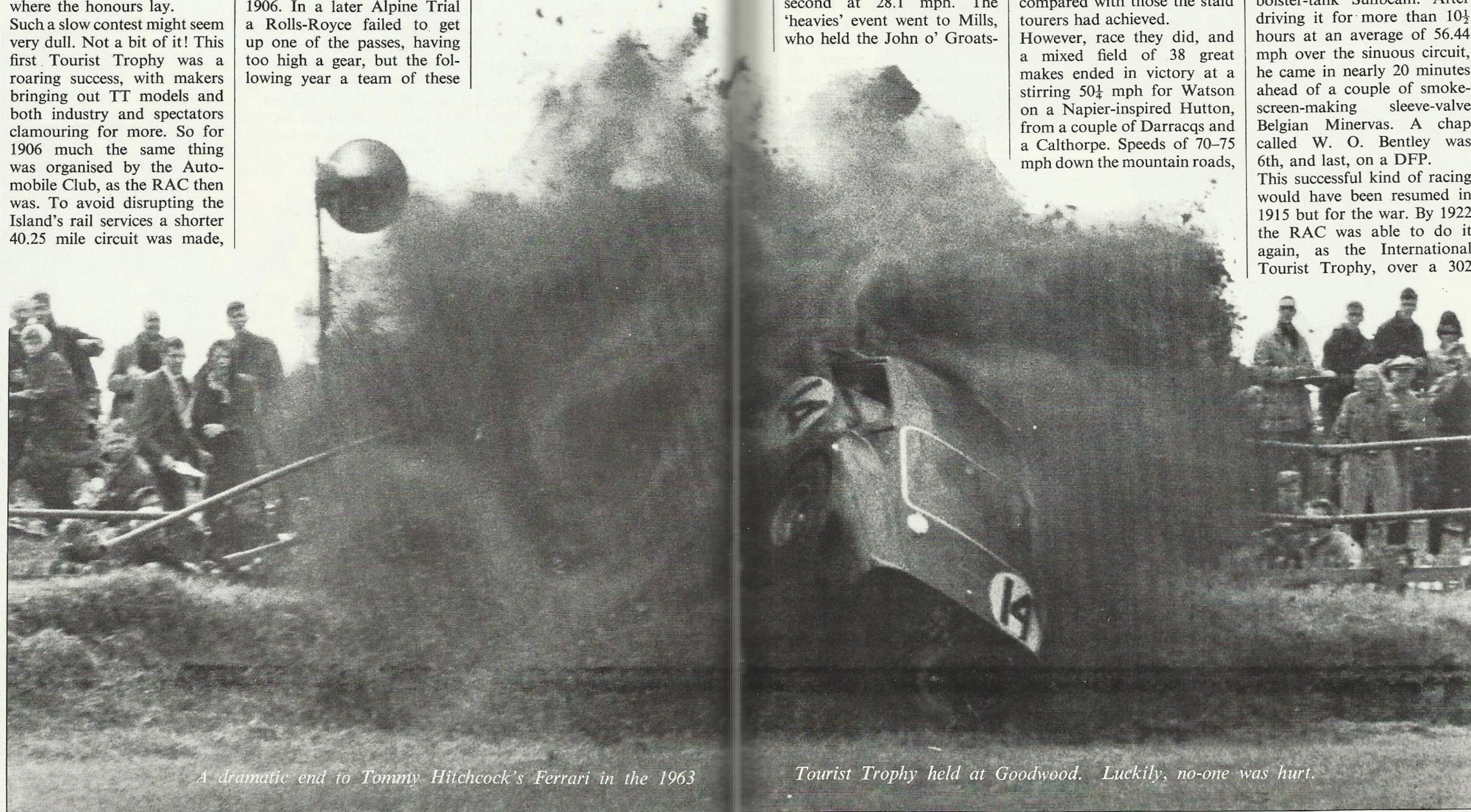
mile course in the Isle of Man for 3-litre pure racing cars, and a 226½ mile race for 1½-litre or light-car racers. It was wet and 'orrid for the 18 dicers. Frenchman Jean Chassagne, on a very impressive straight-eight bolster-tank Sunbeam, won the TT at 55.78 mph, with a 3-litre Bentley second, disguised by a flat instead of a pointed radiator and conducted by Frank Clement. A couple of Talbot-Darracqs dominated the *voiturette* affair which Sir Algy Guinness won, at 53.3 mph.

That would have been that, had not Harry Ferguson, of tractor and four-wheel-drive memory, persuaded the RAC to revive the TT as a sports-car race in 1928. They did this over the now famous 13½ mile Ards course, in Ireland. What a circuit for a motor race! They raced along ordinary narrow, cambered roads, twisting under railway bridges, sliding across town squares, missing butchers' and chemists' shops by a hub cap. There has been nothing since quite like the Ulster TT. It aroused enormous enthusiasm. It attracted the elite of sports-cars, the green Bentleys battling against the Teutonic might of the white, supercharged 38/250 Mercedes. From Austin Seven and Triumph Super Seven to 7-litre Mercedes-Benz and 5½-litre Stutz, intermingled with touring model-B Fords, they raced for more than 400 miles over this dangerous and testing course, to a handicap system understood only by its inventors, if by them.

It was a terrific thing to see, allowing for the lower top speeds of those times. It was splendid publicity for the successful cars. From it sprang models named after this inimitable race – TT Lea-Francis, Ulster Austin, Riley Ulster Imp, TT Replica Frazer Nash, Ulster Aston Martin.

This was the age when the fame of the great green Bentleys at Le Mans was beginning and the TT had to follow suit, with hoods erected over luckless drivers and their riding mechanics and road-equipment on board – mudguards, windscreens, lamps, etc. Later, for safety, in case they rattled loose and flew off, mudguards were not compulsory.

The 1928 race went to Kaye Don in a blown Hyper Lea-Francis, at 64.06 mph. But it



A dramatic end to Tommy Hitchcock's Ferrari in the 1963

Tourist Trophy held at Goodwood. Luckily, no-one was hurt.

was a very close thing, with Cushman's front-drive Alvis – which should have pleased Ferguson – only 13 seconds in arrears. The following year the great Rudi Caracciola came to Ulster. He put up a stupendous performance in the rain, winning for Mercedes in a screaming white monster of a 38/250 at 72.82 mph. This was more like motor racing, especially as Campari was next home in an Alfa Romeo, ahead of Archie Frazer-Nash in a cheeky and irrepressible Austin 7.

By 1930 the importance of this mad Irish Sports Car Race had got around and Alfa Romeo sent Nuvolari, Campari and Varzi to wipe it up, to please Italy and Il Duce. I need hardly tell you that Tazio Nuvolari won, at 70.88 mph, in a blown 1750 – as beautiful a road-going sports motor-car as a vintage enthusiast could hope to see, if not afford.

Britain rallied by 1931, and Norman Black got the trophy intended for tourers in a tiny supercharged MG Midget. He averaged just below 68 mph, or more than ten miles an hour less than Borzacchini's

second-place Alfa Romeo – by grace of the handicap, a particularly British institution. Next, Rileys got there, Whitcroft winning in 1932, at 74.23 mph in a Brooklands-type Nine. But 1933 was that dramatic year when the MG Car Co 'imported' Nuvolari, who had little idea what an MG was and no experience at all of its pre-selector gears. Yet he won by the narrowest of margins from Hamilton's smaller MG. Tazio did 78.65 mph, 'Hammy' 73.46 mph. It was the epitome of this type of racing, by a skilled and brave man. The winning MG was giving 120 bhp at 6,500 rpm from 1,087 cc, in case you are feeling smug about your modern GT car. They raced, wait for it, over 478 miles!

MG won again in 1934 (Dodson, 74.65 mph) and Eddie Hall began his high-speed habit of being the eternal second and fastest of them all (but there was that handicap) in his very quick and quiet Rolls-made Bentleys. Naturally, Freddie Dixon had to have a go and after he had sailed over a hedge and into someone's garden in one race (the

locals' fields, shops and gardens were apt to be visited frequently by racing cars on TT day) his Riley beat Hall in 1935, averaging 76.9 to the Bentley's 80.36 mph.

Alas, a car ran into the spectators in 1936 and never again were these unique races run over the Ards course. A Riley shared by Dixon and Dodson won this last Ards one at 78.01 to Hall's 80.81 mph.

This was by no means the end of the Tourist Trophy however. Banned from Ulster in 1937 the RAC held the event over the extended road circuit at Donington. It was less drawn out, not such spectacular racing. But it continued to attract the elite of the sports cars. There was a spell when big tough French cars won, with the 328 BMWs providing a technical contrast to our Aston Martins. After Darracq and Delage victories in 1937/38 another war intervened. When it was over the TT went back to Ireland, to a very tricky but true road course at Dundrod. The racing was about as exciting as you could want with the road awash with rain one year and interest lent because make battled against make –

makes you could go into a showroom and buy, in many cases.

This return to Ulster in 1950 was the occasion when Moss won for Jaguar – another golden age of racing. Moss and Jaguar did it again in 1951, Aston Martin took the Trophy in 1953, then we had a decided taste of the handicap in 1954, a diminutive DB-Panhard winning at 68½ mph, although the Hawthorne/Trintignant Ferrari had managed an 86.08 mph average. By 1955 Mercedes-Benz were back, to a 1, 2, 3 finish.

In more recent times the TT has been run over English airfield circuits and the emphasis has tended to pass right away from touring cars and catalogue-type sports-cars. But the kind of machinery like the Ford Capri RS2600 which won the TT at Silverstone last year at least looks more like the Fords you can buy.

If you go to watch the TT this year, you will be seeing the modern version of a remarkable race which began all those long years ago for staid touring cars and went on to unleash some of the finest sports motor-cars ever built.



In the 1959 TT at Goodwood Roy Salvadori's Aston Martin caught fire as it was being refuelled. He managed to jump clear in time.

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MAYFAIR NEXT MONTH

GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS

The bad news first. Next month's *Mayfair* will cost you 35p. Sorry, but the pressures on us have been enormous. A year ago we announced a price rise to 40p but retracted this when the Freeze came into operation, in spite of the fact that our rivals were already 40p. We've given you a year at our expense but suddenly the weak pound has led to fantastic increases in the price of our paper which comes from the Continent. We regret it as much as you but this is the first price rise in five years and we are still cheaper than our major rivals!

And now the good news

Next month we'll be giving you 16 extra pages and more colour. We'll introduce you to Linda, a wet-lipped sparkling-eyed beauty from a shoe shop you might know.



Stripping you off. Are London strip-joints a fleecer's paradise? Or genuine value for money? A fascinating feature shows you places to go.

The Frenchman who flew into legend. Who was the frail and sickly air ace who flew so high that schoolchildren said he could not come down?



Lusty lingerie. What underwear of old turns you on? Is it the waspie or the trusty stockings and suspenders? Cobb's drawings help you decide.

Sex on wheels. What car is the ideal dolly-catcher? Sleek E-type or well-sprung family saloon? Quest comes up with some exciting answers.

Those lucky men who float above it all

continued from page 65

traffic lights either if he hadn't driven straight into the back of the car.

For anyone else this would have been curtains. Angry car owner, a glance at two happy alcoholic countenances, the summoning of the constabulary. But not for David. A timid little man climbed out of the battered car, surveyed the damage, gave a furtive glance round and said: 'I'm saying nothing if you're not. It ain't my car and I'm not insured.' With that he popped back in the driving seat and shot away as fast as his guilty conscience could take him.

Ken was taking David to his favourite Chinese restaurant. Tucked away in a back street, not in the Chinese quarter, it was known to few. David would be suitably impressed. They walked through the door. A young Chinese waiter took one look at David, dropped his dishes and embraced him like a long-lost brother. They then proceeded to gabble away in Cantonese, a proceeding which earns you lots of points if you happen to be European.

'Let me introduce you,' says David graciously to Ken, in the latter's own restaurant. 'This is Li Hi. He was in my platoon of the Hong Kong Defence Force. He arrived a bit quicker than I did because he came by boat.'

Many hours and Chinese toasts later they returned to the freighter. The Scandinavian skipper was speechless with rage. 'You hev left before the custom man has come,' he accused. 'End you hev so much luggage. The custom man has put my whole ship in bond.' He did not offer them a glass from the schnapps bottle on the table in front of him.

'Oh, sorry,' said David, 'That must have been inconvenient for you. I'll just give them a buzz. It was 1.20 in the morning. He shot ashore and phoned the customs post. There was some grunting and sharp words but the customs officer said he would come across. David returned to the ship and they all sat glumly round the cabin table.

After a while clumping was heard on the companion way. A pair of boots appeared, followed by the rest of the Customs' officer. He blinked in the light, looked round and exclaimed: 'Blimey, Sir, I might have guessed it was you.'

'Hawkins,' said David, without undue astonishment. 'How nice to see you.' And to the rest of them he explained, 'We did our National Service in the same regiment.' 'Well, knowing you, it will take me about a week to get through your luggage,' said Hawkins. 'We'd better say it's OK.'

Ken told me later that throughout that amazing evening he continually felt about three inches high at the way the gods were heaping their bounty on their favourite. And if Editors feel three inches high in the presence of 'Gods' what chance is there for the rest of us . . .



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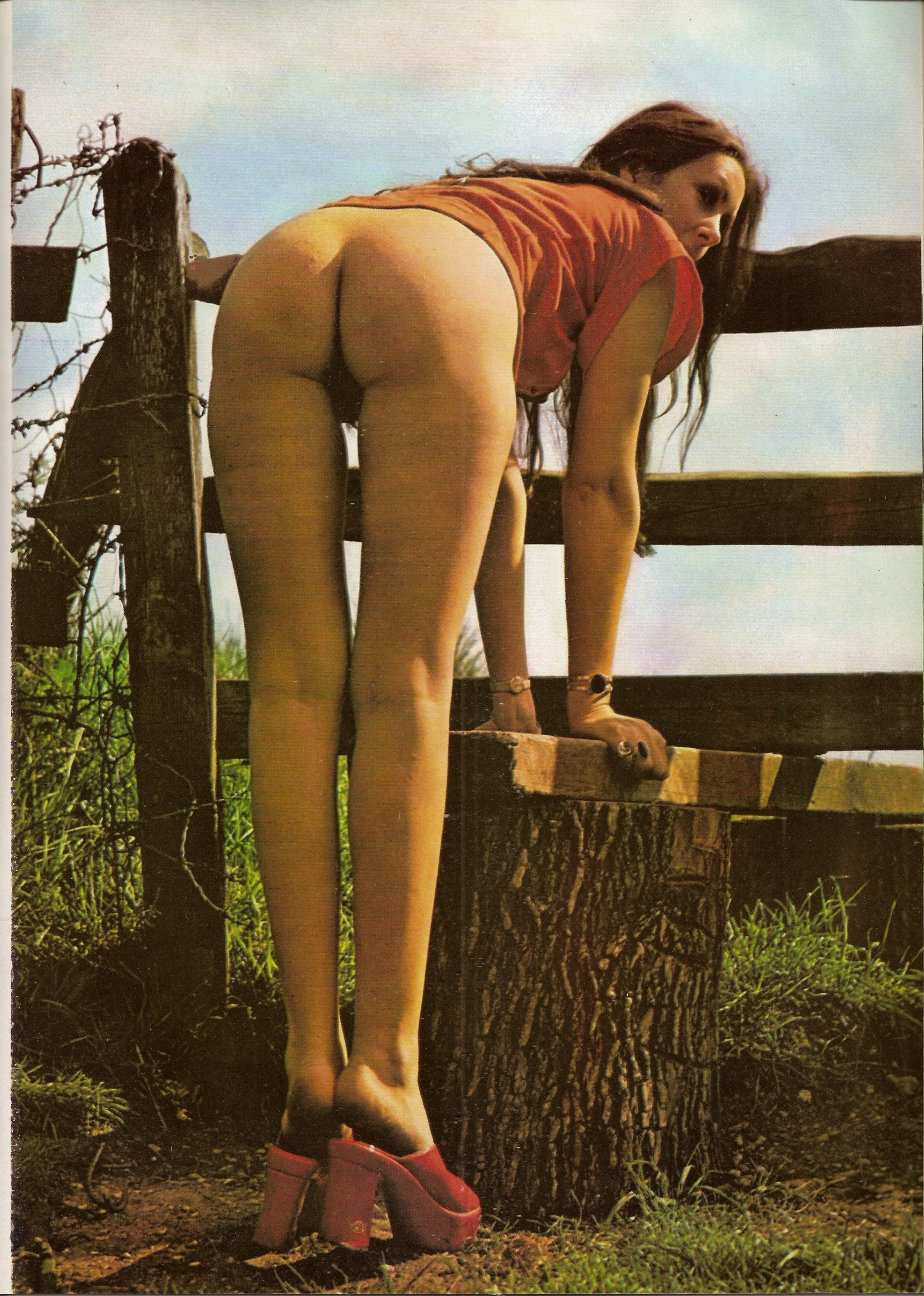
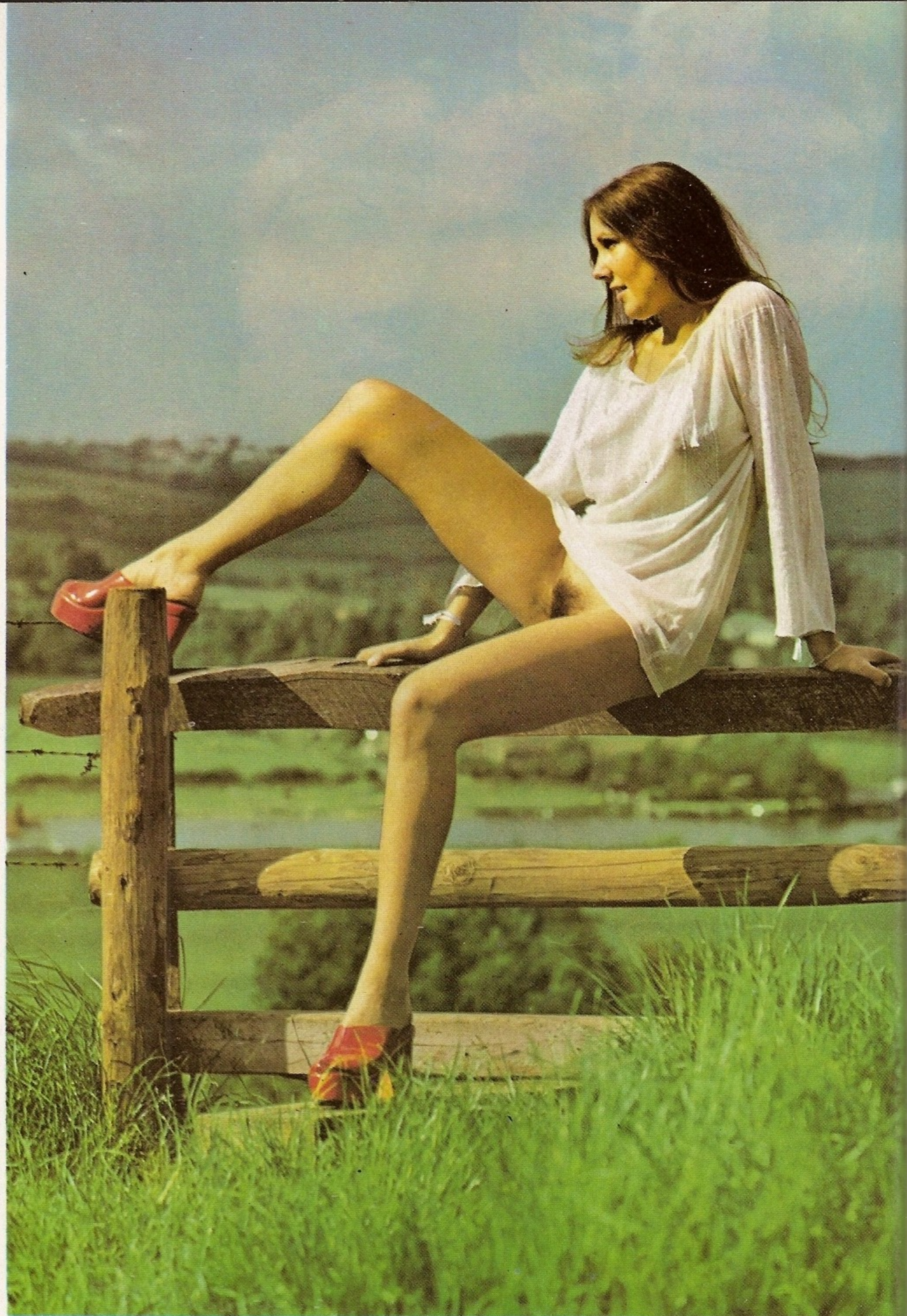
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EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Nina

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY CLIVE MCLEAN

Stretching long dancer's legs in the lazy warmth of an English summer day; the rough wood of a sty prickling her inner thighs: Nina West-Sadler.



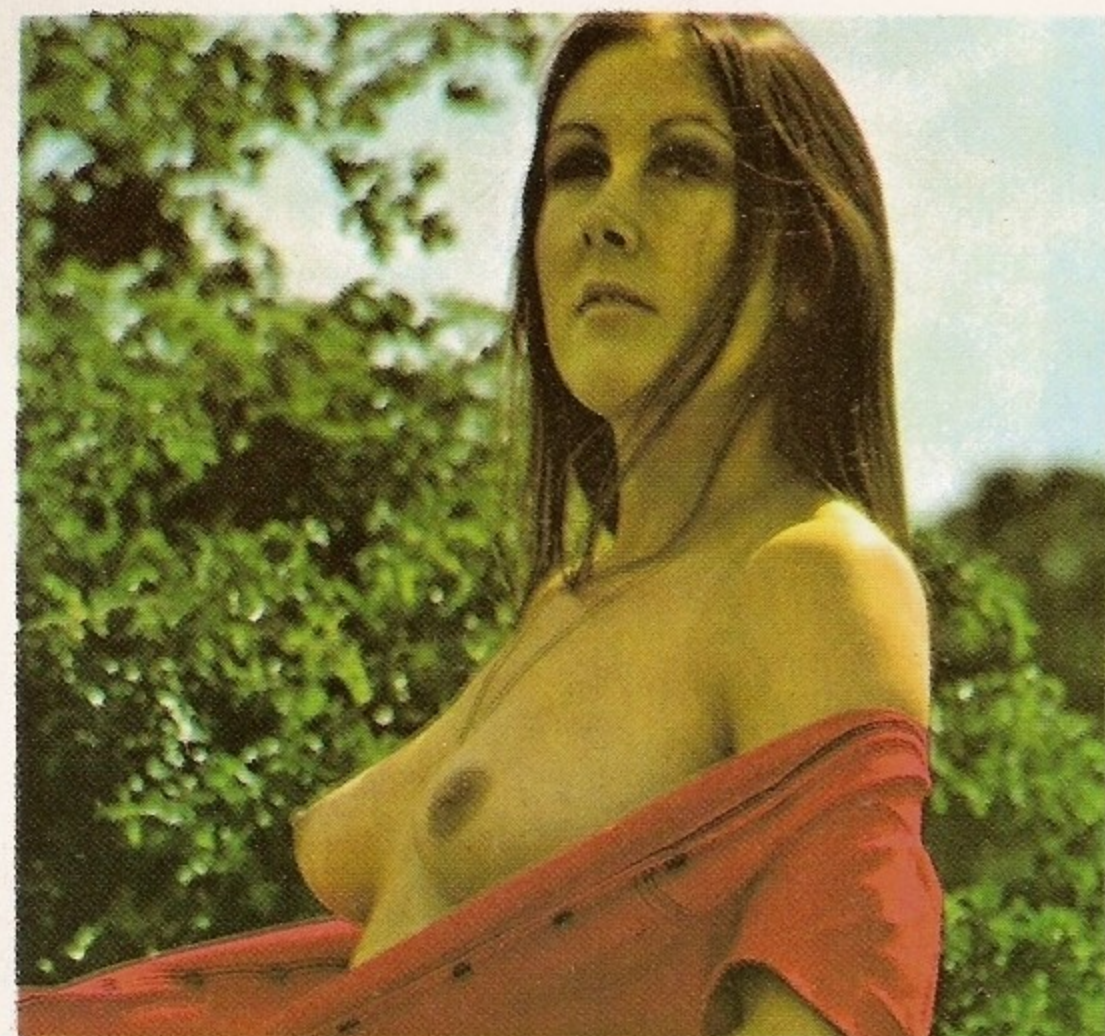
Bluebell Girl, Girl Friday, bar tender and almost receptionist, she's a high and haughty girl who prizes freedom: the freedom to hoist her flimsy blouse in an open field, to feel the gentle finger-tickling of fat green grass stems. And freedom to choose her partner when and where she wishes. 'If I were living with a man and I spotted someone else I fancied — across a room at a party perhaps — then I'd feel free to go off with them. And I'd allow the man to do the same. I'm not very jealous and I don't want to get married.' If you can





stand the strain your chances are good: 'I don't like any particular type of man,' she says. Born on April 22 1952 — in Bromley, Kent — Nina is a country girl at heart. At the age of eight her engineer father took the family to the West Country, where he began farming in Somerset and Devon. Nina spent the major part of her childhood at a place called Uffculme in

Devon. At 16 she won a scholarship from the American Field Service and went to the United States, attending a High School in Ohio. When she returned home she spent a further year studying and started a course for hotel receptionists at Barnstaple Technical College, but found the work didn't suit her. In 1970 she came to London — as a Girl Friday in an advertising agency, until wanderlust struck again and she was off to the Channel Islands. Later at St. Ouen's Hotel du Puits Nina's achingly long legs and inviting smile won her customers' approval in the cocktail bar where she worked. 1972 brought her back to London and an audition for the internationally known Bluebell



Girls. Just one look at her 5 feet 9 inches and statuesque 35-25-36 and Nina's horticultural career was underway. After dance lessons she opened at the Bluebell Club in Geneva, donning the showgirl's high-plumed headdress and jewelled panties and baring superb breasts. It was only a short time afterwards that she was chosen to accompany the troupe on a world wide tour. She visited Logano and Hong Kong, Korea and Japan, then looped back around the globe to London, where she resigned. 'I'm afraid the glamour wore a bit thin,' she confides. 'The work was extremely hard and the discipline was quite rigid. And always being on the move got to be a bit of a strain.' Myths of millionaire 'stage door Johnnies' plying the girls with promises of impossible wealth and wildly romantic seduction turned out to be just myths. Back in London Nina rests her long limbs in a plush St John's Wood flat and plans a full career in photography and films. We'd walk a long way to see her.



more enthusiastic. He dropped his briefcase and kicked the door shut with his foot. He tugged two of the buttons right from my dress and pushed his hands inside on to my bare breasts. Usually he puts both hands round one breast but this time he put a hand on each and squeezed my breasts together; I like that, it's fruity. I unzipped his trousers. Hugh just had no idea he had lipstick on him there; I spotted it straight-away, an almost perfect circle of pink and some smudges of pink. I looked at it in a kind of fascinated horror as it slowly dawned on me just what it was. I was horrified. How could I forgive him for that; how could I ever forgive him? I was so utterly deflated. If it hadn't been for Christine I might have become very depressed and tried to get a divorce I think.

Quest: What happened that evening?

Housewife: He couldn't get out of it; I made him tell me exactly what had happened. Then I cried a little and told him I wasn't going to stay in after that; I was going out. I think Hugh was worried I might do something silly but he didn't try to stop me. I wouldn't normally go out in my thin cotton dress but I was in such a desperate state I did. I threw on a short jacket type of coat and a pair of high heel shoes; the first things I came across really. It was still light. I just didn't have the faintest idea where I was going or what I wanted to do. I just wanted to get out of the house and away from Hugh. I suppose some women might lock themselves in their bedrooms and cry. I wanted to get out in the fresh air. I didn't even take my handbag with me.

Quest: Where did you go?

Housewife: I was trying to think but I couldn't; my thoughts buzzed round my head in circles. I finally went to Christine's; I thought she would understand, really, she was possibly the only good friend I could turn to and feel she would. It's impossible to know what people are really like no matter how well you think you know them. I never wondered that Christine might be that way inclined.

Quest: She seduced you?

Housewife: I'm sure she sometimes has boyfriends round. I heard quite a tale about Christine some time ago. I put it down to petty neighbours at the time, but now, I don't know. In many ways I always looked on her as a very sensible girl, more so than I am, perhaps, even though she is younger; perhaps hard headed is the word I'm looking for. I didn't honestly know a thing was happening until I realised Christine had slipped her hand on to one of my breasts and was rubbing my nipple. The buttons were still missing from the front of my dress; I had utterly forgotten Hugh had tugged them off. She had put her arm around me and we were sitting together on her settee. I had been having a little weep and telling her about Hugh. Christine started telling me what bastards men were. They aren't really, you know, I think we just like to think they are now and again don't we, when it suits us. Christine made me feel a lot better; in fact I began to feel quite good. She is so attractive - I envy her

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Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs £6.20. All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.

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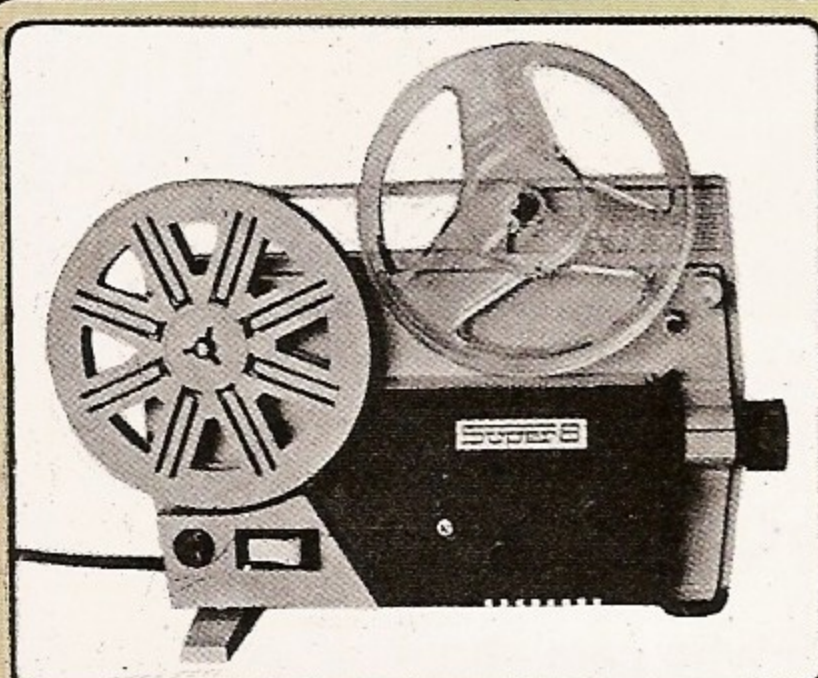


CAROLINE Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12



SYLVIA Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia

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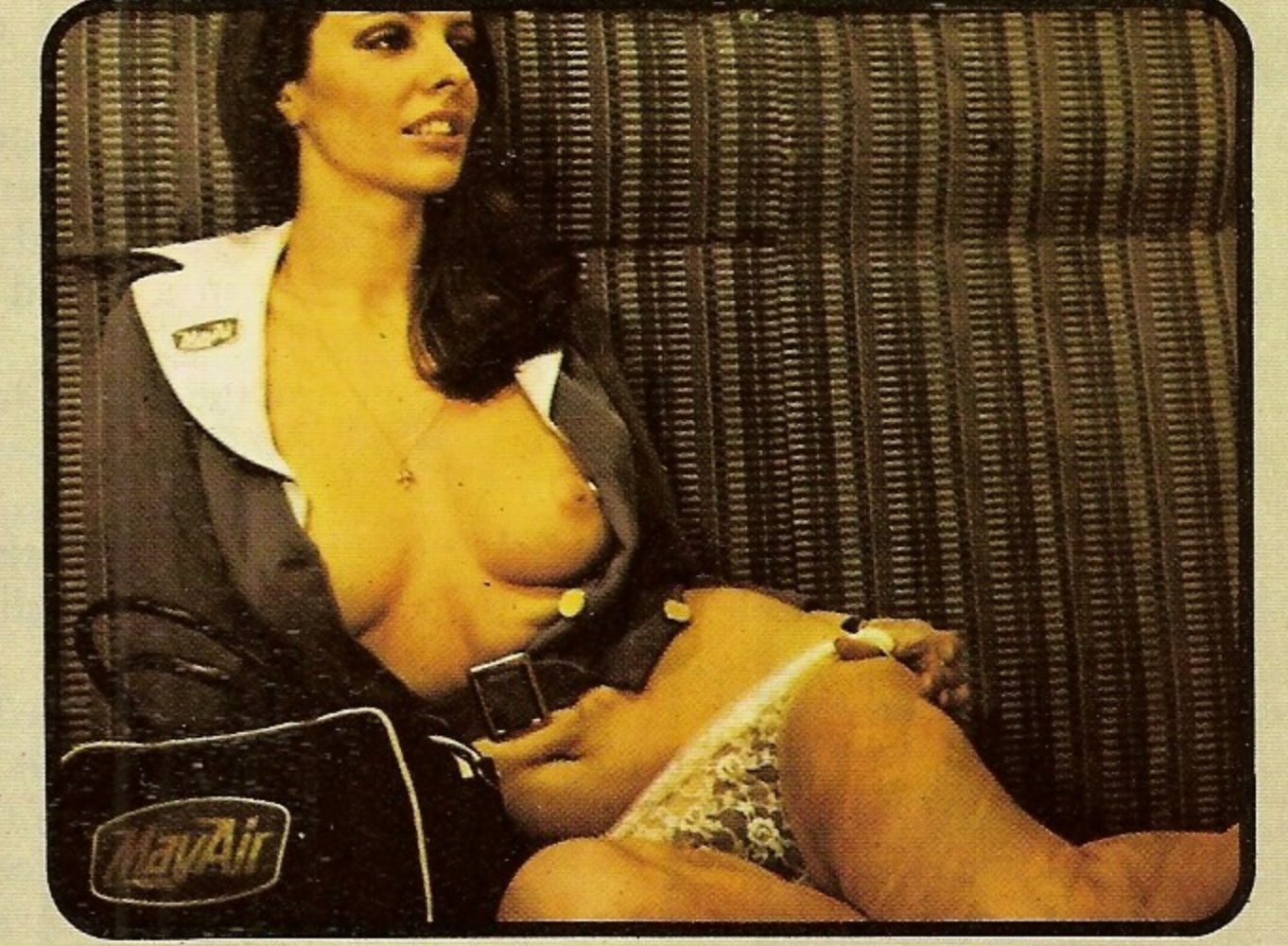
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FULLS FIVE



PENNY The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene



SOPHIE Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four



VICTORIA Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5

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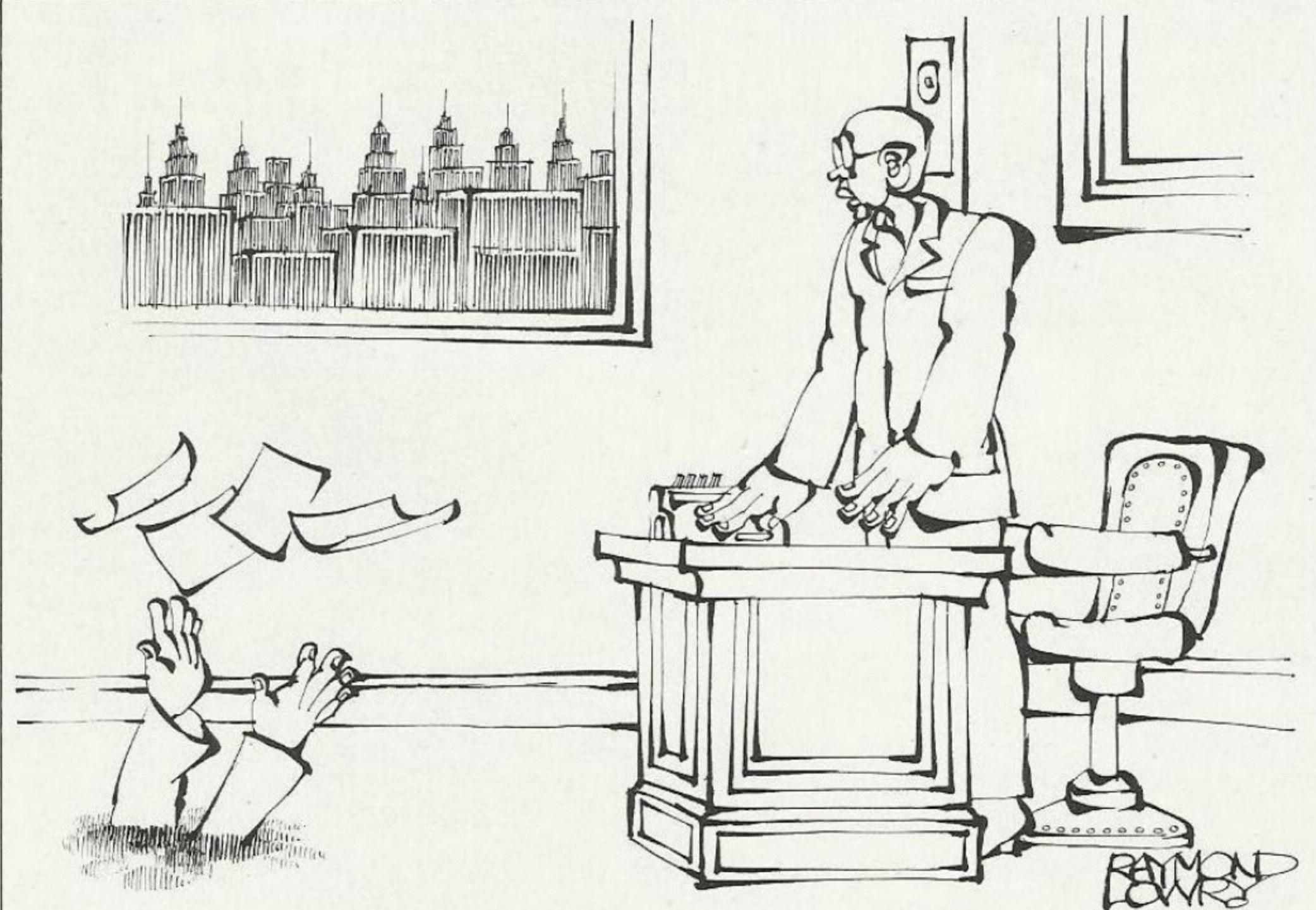
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'A simple statement, to the effect that you'd noticed my new carpet, would have been quite sufficient, Merryweather.'

RAYMOND



'There was a bit left over from the restoration fund.'

ROY NIXON

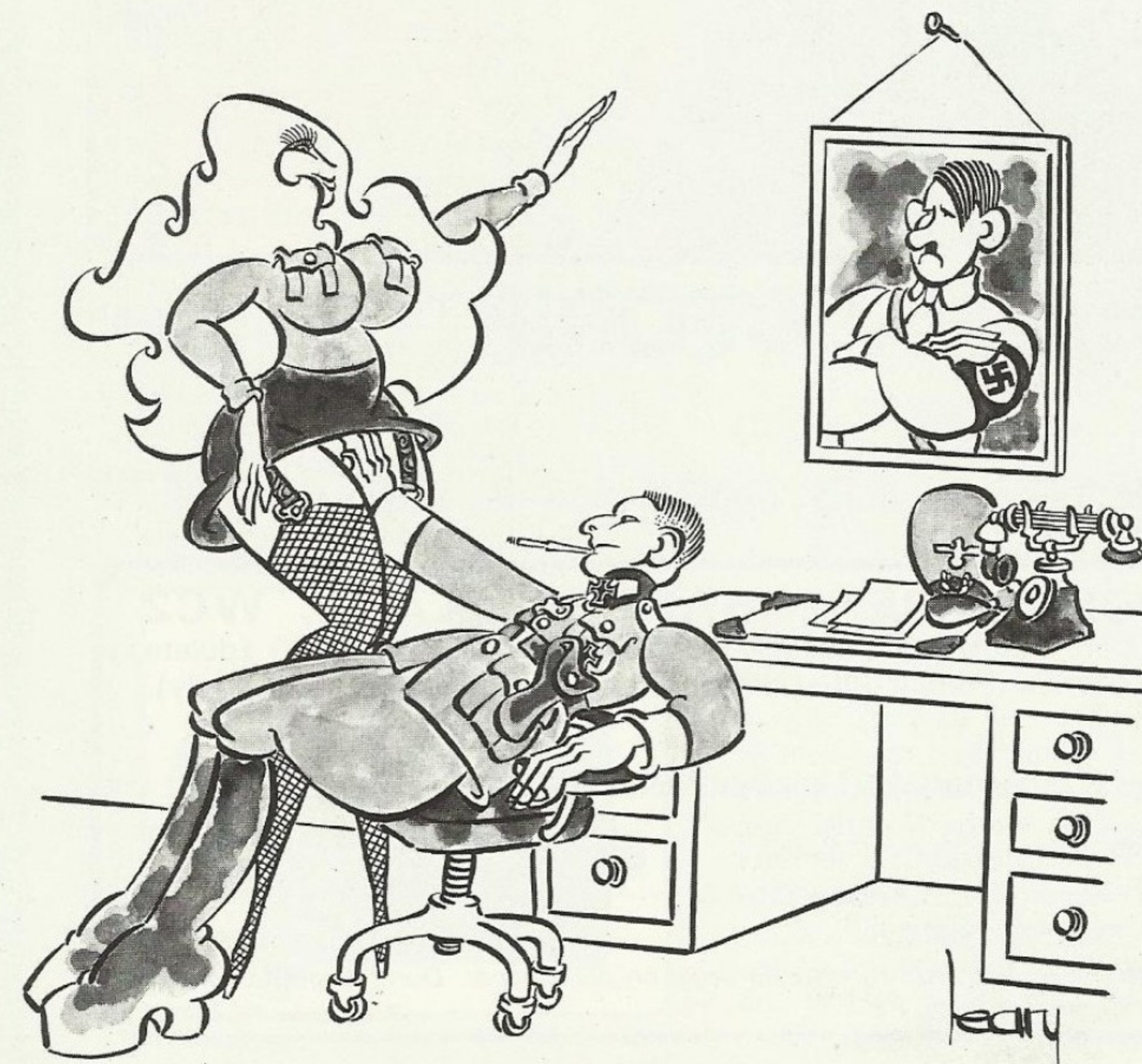


DOOP

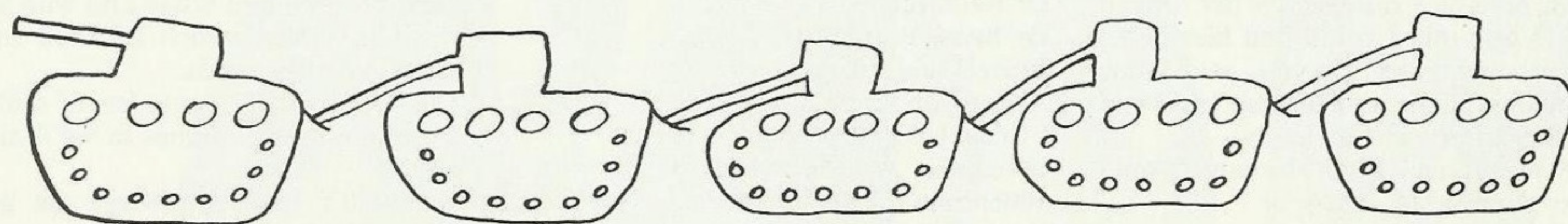


'Dammit, Christine, what's he doing here? Your husband's citing me as correspondent.'

PAUL WHITE



TEDDY



MATTIOLI

A selection of the cartoons which appeared on various pages in this issue

CARRIE



Bothered in a boutique,
Carrie finds she prefers
stripping to striping



DON LAWRENCE